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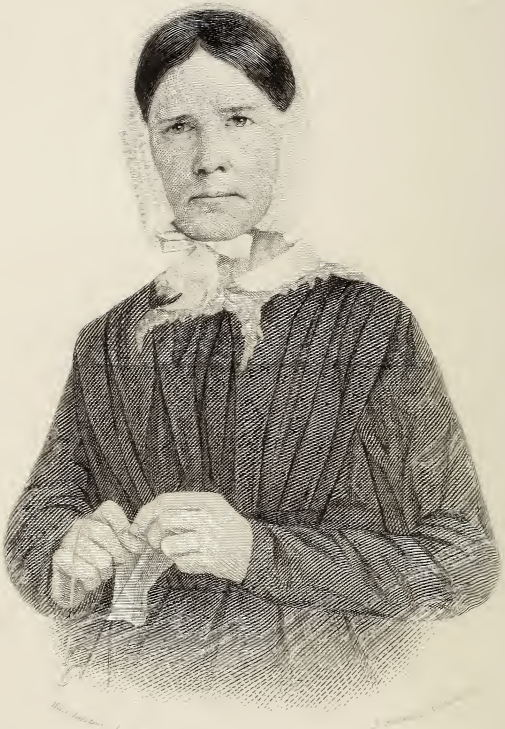

Harriet Ware

[Wayland's Francis]

A

# MEMOIR

OF

# HARRIET WARE,

FIRST SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CHILDREN'S HOME, IN THE CITY OF PROVIDENCE.

"She hath been a succourer of many."
*Romans*, XVI. 2.

PROVIDENCE:
GEORGE H. WHITNEY.
1850.

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# PREFACE.

When it was first proposed to prepare for the press a Memoir of Harriet Ware, it was believed that a large number of her letters could be collected, from which a suitable volume might be compiled. This expectation, however, proved to be unfounded. A few years before her death, she had destroyed all her manuscripts, and among them, probably, a personal account of her labors in connection with the Children's Friend Society. There remained, therefore, no record of her life, except that which could be gleaned from letters written in haste, frequently at long intervals, and without the most distant expectation that they would meet the eye of any other person than the friend to whom they were addressed. Of such materials the present volume is composed. Imperfect as the record may appear, it will not, perhaps, be wholly devoid of

interest, as it contains all that remains of the writings of one, who, by elevated Christian character, and most disinterested benevolence, had greatly endeared herself to a large number of the citizens of Providence.

The publication of the work has been for several months delayed, at first from the hope that a larger amount of materials might be collected; and afterwards, in consequence of engagements which could not be laid aside. This delay has not, however, been without its advantages, as two of the most valuable communications which the volume contains, were received only a few weeks since.*

The compiler has divided the work into three chapters, each of which comprises the letters written by Miss Ware during a distinct period of her life. The first contains letters written previous to her residence at India Point; the second, those written during her residence there; and the third, those written from the commencement of her connection with the Children's Friend Society to the close of her life. To each of these chapters, a few explanatory remarks are

* Since the sheets have passed out of the editor's hands, some additional communications have been received, which it has not been in his power to read.

prefixed, principally with the design of giving continuity to the narrative.

It is, I presume, superfluous to add, that if any profits should accrue from the sale of this little volume, they will be the property of the Children's Friend Society, the exclusive owners of the copyright.

Brown University, March 21, 1849.

# MEMOIR OF HARRIET WARE.

# MEMOIR.

## CHAPTER I.

Harriet Ware was born in Paxton, Massachusetts, on the 12th of July, 1799.

Her father was a respectable, intelligent, and amiable man, of high moral principle and great personal worth, but not a professor of religion. Her mother was a devout and active Christian, remarkable for the same independence and decision of character that distinguished her daughter.

In early life Miss Ware was gay and thoughtless, and wholly devoted to the search after pleasure. Throughout her life, whatever she pursued she pursued with her whole heart. Yet even then the irrepressible kindness of her nature was frequently exhibited in acts of self-denying and almost romantic benevolence,

which left a deep impression on the memory of her early associates. Being the eldest daughter, she occupied a prominent place in the family, and gave early indications of that decision and energy which she so fully exhibited in subsequent life. Her character was strongly marked and eminently natural. Religion purified, ennobled, and harmonized its elements; but, from the structure of her mind, an observer would easily perceive that no change of circumstances or condition could have made her any thing else than a strong-minded, original, benevolent, and sagacious woman.

About the year 1819, Miss Ware became personally interested in the subject of religion; and in September of that year, having removed to Franklin, Mass., she made a public profession of her faith, and united herself with the church in that town, under the pastoral charge of the late Dr. Emmons. The whole force of her character was now turned in a new direction. Her renunciation of the world was sincere and universal, and most earnestly did she labor to follow in the footsteps of Him "who went about doing good." With the hope of extending the sphere of her usefulness, she attended a private school for some time, and then com-

menced her labors as a teacher. She first taught a school in Union, Me., but soon removed to the southern part of Rhode Island, where she was employed as a teacher until her removal to Providence.

During the period of her residence in Rhode Island, a perceptible change seems to have taken place in her religious character. Her views of the great doctrines of religion seem to have become more definite and impressive, and her inmost spirit was brought into more immediate subjection to the teachings of the Word of God. Hence, also, her faith became, in an unusual degree, simple, confiding, and absolute. There was something in her trust in God, under all circumstances, during her subsequent life, which reminded one of the faith of martyrs and primitive Christians. She received the precepts of the Gospel as the commands of a parent addressed to a beloved child. The promises of God were to her no vague generalities, but positive assurances, on which she relied with earnest, humble, and whole-hearted confidence. It is natural to believe that this deep religious trust, uniting itself with natural firmness of character, would prepare her, in an unusual degree, for works of independent and

original usefulness. Her native resolution became calmer, but more firm and unwavering; for it derived its energy from intimate communion with God. Her decisions were not the mere impulses of an indomitable spirit, but the purposes of a soul assured that it was fulfilling the commands of its Father who is in heaven.

Hence it was that Miss Ware was led to undertake labors, from which others of her sex would commonly have shrunk, and to devise ways of usefulness which others have never attempted. For the same reason she seemed to rely on herself, and to follow the suggestions of her own mind, with a confidence which, to those who did not understand her principles, sometimes seemed obstinacy. She had early learned to rely so exclusively on God, and to be guided so entirely by her own convictions of duty, and the path in which she was to walk had been so often pointed out to her, that she seemed not to feel, as much as most persons, the need of human aid. God had so often appeared for her when other helpers failed, that she had learned habitually to expect his interference in her behalf. With such views, it is not surprising that she removed to Rhode Island in order to commence a school, in what she then

supposed to be one of the most destitute regions of New England. It was for the same reason that she was directed to India Point, the most neglected spot in Providence. Her motive for going there was to do good to those whom all other persons believed to be irreclaimable, and her purpose was rendered immovable by the attempts of her friends to dissuade her from the enterprise.

The reader would however greatly err, if he supposed Miss Ware to be, in any respect, abstracted, gloomy, or fanatical. Her nature was remarkably genial, and her sympathy for all the forms of suffering, intense. Her love of children amounted to a passion. She seemed "to rejoice as in hid treasure," whenever she had added to the number of her charge a forsaken and friendless orphan; and the more destitute the child appeared, the feebler and the more helpless, the better did she love it, and delight to watch over it with more than maternal solicitude. And if any of the children that she was thus attempting to rescue from destruction turned out badly, it was surprising to observe the variety of expedients which she employed to incline them to virtue. If a boy or girl was presented to the care of the society, of a singu-

larly bad reputation, she was peculiarly anxious to receive it, with the evident feeling that, to reclaim such an one, was a special triumph of benevolence. In this kind of labor she was eminently successful, and her experiences recalled to mind the saying of the missionary Eliot, when he had translated the Bible into one of the languages of the aborigines, "Prayers and pains, with the blessing of God, can accomplish any thing."

Nor was this earnest and expansive benevolence, in the case of Miss Ware, at all allied to that indiscriminate kindness which is easily rendered the dupe of every artful impostor. On the contrary, she was remarkable for searching shrewdness of observation, and instinctive knowledge of character. No one more readily discriminated between acting and seeming to act, between sentimental talk and earnest purpose, or more correctly measured the amount and quality of the capacity of those with whom she was called to act. By a single epithet, casually and probably inadvertently thrown in, it would be evident that scarcely a social or intellectual bias, in those with whom she was conversant, escaped her. In common with most persons of original thought, she had a strong

bias to humor, and even to drollery. This gave, at times, great point and interest to her conversation, and not unfrequently, even when suffering under distressing pain, extracted a smile from those who were all but weeping around her. These slight intimations of her character seemed requisite, in order to enable the reader to sympathize in the sentiments which breathe through the following letters. They present at best but a most imperfect representation of the mind and heart of their author. They are merely extracts of such of her letters as could be collected, but they will not, I trust, be wholly without interest; since they contain all the written memorials that remain of a remarkable and most benevolent woman.

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## EXTRACTS OF LETTERS

Written by Miss Ware, from the time of her profession of religion to her removal to Providence, 1819 — 1830.

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### RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Miss Ware united with the Congregational Church in Franklin, Mass., September 26, 1819.

The following is the relation of her religious experience, transcribed from the original copy.

FRANKLIN, SEPT. 23, 1847.

I HAVE great reason to rejoice that I was born of parents, by whom I was early devoted to God in baptism, and in a land of Gospel light, where I have enjoyed means sufficient, not only to become acquainted with the character of God, but with my duty towards Him; but ought to be deeply humbled that I have lived the greatest part of my life in an entire forgetfulness of the obligations I was under to love and serve Him. Since the year 1816, my peace has been frequently disturbed by fearful apprehensions of punishment, but am not conscious of ever realizing sin in itself as an infinite evil, until the last year, in the course of which, God was pleased to set home divine truth upon my conscience. I then saw that I was without God in the world. Religion appeared the one thing needful. I thought I was willing to sacrifice every other enjoyment for an interest in Christ. But this was very far from relieving my mind. On hearing a sermon preached from John i. 29, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world," I plainly

saw that Christ had offered himself a sacrifice for sin, and that He was then inviting all to come to Him that they might have life. I sensibly felt that my sins had separated me from God, and that it was entirely out of my power to do any thing to recommend myself to His favor. In this hopeless situation I humbly trust I was enabled, through divine grace, to commit myself unreservedly into the hands of God. I thought I felt satisfaction in being a creature in the hands of a holy God. Soon after, I found myself involved in darkness, and was left to believe that I was a stranger to saving faith in Christ. But I have since cherished the hope that my trust and confidence was in God. Christians now appear amiable; the Sabbath, which was once long and tiresome, now appears like a day of sacred rest; the Bible, which once appeared like a sealed book, is now a source of pleasant and profitable instruction.

I think I have now a desire to be on the Lord's side, and feel it a duty to unite with His people in this place. I do therefore offer myself to this Church, soliciting your acceptance of me, and prayers for me and watchfulness over me, that I may live agreeable to the profession I now make.

HARRIET WARE.

The remaining letters are inserted in the order in which they were written, and do not, that I am aware, need any explanation.

Franklin, Jan. 2, 1825.

To Mrs. C. M. My dear C. — I have before related to you something of the interesting season I have passed at Salem, and have now hinted at the general state of feeling in this our beloved Franklin. Do you not ask how your friend H. stands affected with all this? Could I enjoy that free and familiar conversation which I have thought so great a privilege in former days, I think I could speak freely on the subject. I scarcely dare to write, lest I should give you reason to think that I have felt more than I really have. When I first left Franklin it was peculiarly trying, as you may well suppose, to be entirely separated from every friend in whom I could discover the least similarity of sentiment or feeling. I viewed it as a severe correction, but was very far from exercising any thing like corresponding affections towards Him from whom it was sent. I really felt that I was the Achan to be removed, before God could pour out His Spirit upon this church, and on that ground thought I felt a kind of hypocritical

submission; but, my dear friend, I have since thought that I enjoyed some evidence that God was dealing with me in covenant love and faithfulness. If I am not deceived, I have been enabled to say, with a degree of sincerity, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none on earth that I desire besides Thee." It truly appears like infinite condescension in the High and Holy One, thus to deal with the vilest of all, who are permitted to hope in His mercy. I left Franklin with deep regret, feared the consequence, though I had promised never again to distrust a wise Providence. And now, my dear C., though I have reason to be astonished at my criminal coldness, neglect of duty, and unconcern for the salvation of precious and immortal souls, for whom Christ suffered and died; yet, at times, since my return, I think I have enjoyed a nearness of access to the throne of divine grace that is to me almost new. I have peculiar trials, but think I can sincerely rejoice in committing all that life holds dear into the hands of Him, who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without Him, and who will certainly be glorified in all the works of His hands. I have already said too much of self; you know I always do. Will you pray

for me and for this people, that God would take from us whatever is offensive, prepare to receive a blessing, and in His time pour it out?

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Hopkinton, August 19, 1828.

To Miss M. — But O my heart, what iniquity reigns there! I find it a cage of every unclean bird; but how little do I know of the depths of its iniquity. I am continually crying out, *guilty, guilty*, as did Judas; but greatly fear that I have never known any thing of the *penitence* of Peter. I know indeed something about the Spirit, but if I have been *born* of the Spirit, where are the fruits of *righteousness?* I cannot find them in my life. I know not of a single soul who would have been led, from my example, to glorify their Father in heaven. I have long been a companion of the *wise*, and still hold the *lamp* in my hand; but, my friend, I fear I have not a *drop* of that *kind* of *oil* which will continue to *burn* when the midnight cry shall be made. I have just religion enough, and hardly that, to strip the world of every charm, but not enough to raise my heart in humble gratitude and adoration to the great Source of all happiness. Will you not fervently

pray for me, that, if I have built upon the sand, my hopes may be swept away, before it is forever too late; and if upon the *rock* Christ Jesus, that I may *possess* and *manifest* more the spirit of my Divine Master?

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RESOLUTIONS.

HOPKINTON, SEPT. 7, 1828.

IN view of the wretched state of a vast number of the human family who are ignorant of the only name given under heaven, whereby men can be saved, and of the astonishing mercy of God towards so vile a worm, that he not only has caused the glorious light of the Gospel to shine upon me, and permitted me to indulge a trembling hope of pardon and acceptance through the merits of a once crucified Redeemer, but in various ways has so signally distinguished me in his providential dealings; I feel it a sacred duty and privilege to inquire what I shall render unto the Lord for all His benefits. In humble dependence on God for His gracious assistance,

*Resolved*, that the ensuing year shall be more exclusively devoted to the cause of Christ in the world than any preceding.

*Resolved*, that both by my influence, and by contributing of my substance, I will try to promote the benevolent objects presented before the Christian public.

*Resolved*, that if God should preserve my health, and so far prosper me that it can be *consistent*, I will devote at least $—— exclusively to such benevolent objects as God in His providence shall point out, praying for His direction and blessing.

*Resolved*, that I will spend no more time in sleep than I think my health requires; that I will try, as far as possible, to improve all my time, so dividing it between labor, study, devotion, and rest, as is best calculated to promote the specified object; and to this end, I will strive to maintain a realizing conviction that the eye of God is upon me, and that I am constantly and entirely dependent upon Him, and in this dependence may I find both strength and safety.

*Resolved*, that every day shall begin (if not prevented by positive reason) with reading the Bible in a devout manner, and humble prayer to God for the influences of His Spirit, not only to enable me to walk as becometh a professed follower of Christ, but that they may descend

on the world of mankind in general, and *His own dear children* in particular. And may the Lord, for the sake of Jesus, enable me to fulfil these solemn vows; and all the glory shall be given to His great and holy name, Father, Son, and Spirit.

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CRANSTON, JUNE, 1830.

DEAR MISS G. — I am much obliged to you for sending me your book, tracts, &c. by the stage. I returned the book immediately, because I had obtained it for myself.

In consequence of the rain this morning, I have had no Sabbath school to-day; therefore have had time to read the tracts with some attention. You ask my opinion; I suppose from the well known fact, that I am *always ready to give it.* This is no argument in favor of its *correctness;* yet, as far as I have formed an opinion, I have no objection to your knowing what it is. With the name of the society by which they are published, I am pleased. You well know that though I do use tracts and books which I think do not contain any thing positively bad, yet you as well know I think most of the popular books and publications of the present day radically *defective.* The best of

the books to which I refer, say nothing that is *bad*, but *leave out* what is *essentially* good, under the pretext that this and that (though primary articles in the preaching and writings of the inspired apostles, and indeed I may say of the Bible throughout), are nothing but doctrines, are not acceptable, are not essential, and therefore ought to be omitted. Thus a kind of affection, or good-will for religion, is inspired in hearts that would burn with indignation if the character and government of God should be exhibited as it is revealed in the Bible. We know that it is only for an impenitent sinner to *feel* that he is in the hands of a holy Sovereign, and he is the subject of the keenest sufferings; therefore it is judged prudent to conceal the disagreeable truth. But my dear Miss G., these things ought not so to be. I do not see what can screen this gross deceit from the angry rod of the God of truth. If there are men of sound discretion, talents, and piety, whose eyes are open to the evils which must result from such a course of deception, I should rejoice exceedingly to have them take the lead of some society, whose object should be to disseminate truth, stript of that mantle of darkness in which it has taken so much time and labor and study to enshroud it.

But, say you, this is not to the point. "Are these tracts of the character you like?" I answer, the first and third numbers I like well. When I see you I will say a little about one clause in the first number, "That no one has any more *true religion*, than he has *doctrinal knowledge*." Of number four, perhaps I ought to say nothing, only that the subject demands something *unexceptionably good*. I should like just to ask, what the author means by inserting the prayer of David in the connection in which it stands. Does he mean to insinuate that it was the aspiration of an impenitent heart? or did he mean that it should be understood according to the taste of the reader? Again, I do firmly believe that any truth of the Bible can be clearly exhibited, in all its connections and bearings, much better without than with the help of the terms Calvinist, Hopkinsian, Arminian, &c. I do believe that those who adhere closely to the direction in their preaching, or writing, "to know nothing but Christ and him crucified," in all its parts, will clearly exhibit the whole system of truth, (I do not mean in one tract or sermon,) and never find occasion to use these or similar terms. I have written only a few of my thoughts. Perhaps these had better been kept

to myself; perhaps better not have been indulged even there. If I am harboring within my bosom a cavilling spirit, may I be convinced of my wickedness and find forgiveness. If any thing of the love of truth be there, may it be diffused, until professed Christians shall make as great exertions to have the truth understood, as is now made to make it seem like something else.

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Cranston, August 5, 1830.

My Dear Friend Elizabeth — It is Sabbath afternoon. Probably you are this moment listtening with pleasing interest to hear a good gospel sermon. If so, do not forget that you are one of the comparatively *few* thus favored; one of the favored *few* who can unite with kindred spirits in the solemn service of worshipping the great God. My dear friend, we are both involved in the awful responsibility of having been exalted to the very heavens in point of privileges. But what am I writing! I meant to say, that I have recently been asking myself, what I have ever been constrained by the love of Christ to do for His cause in the world? I do believe that the *love of Christ* is the mighty

engine by which the church is to be impelled in all her forward marches; yet I must acknowledge that I find in my heart altars erected on which sacrifice is daily offered to other deities. So true is this, that the natural inference seems to be that, to say the least, it is extremely doubtful whether supreme love to Christ ever reigned there. * * * *

* * Possibly I might not have made this confession, but that you might more deeply feel that the strength of the church can in no wise be estimated by its numbers; and that the *few*, who are the disciples of Christ indeed, have a mighty work to do. I well know that the church is only sure of final victory, because an Almighty Sovereign is her King; yet He does condescend to accept the services of His children. I seem to see more and more clearly, (though I feel nothing,) that the spirit of Christ, the spirit of prayer, in a word, the only spirit that can ever breathe in heaven, is a spirit of holy action, of holy enterprise. As clearly, too, can I see that, of all the honors and privileges which were ever conferred on guilty man, that of being a *servant* of Christ, a *co-worker* with Him in building up and extending His kingdom, is infinitely the most desirable. I can see,

too, how powerful is the motive for vigorous exertion to all who will take hold of the promises, "that God worketh in you," &c. Though *I* see what I cannot feel, I do ardently desire every one, in whose bosom ever glowed the flame of divine love, to *feel* and *act* for Christ; ever remembering that the joy that was set before Christ, and for which He endured so much, was that He might "purify unto himself a people who should be *zealous* of good *works*." Though I may never be allowed to unite in the song of the redeemed, may you who are Christians indeed, be permitted to raise higher your notes of praise, by knowing that you have been instrumental in pointing many souls to the Saviour of the world. I hardly dare to read what I have written; I know it will not sound just as I meant to have it. But I have a strong conviction on my mind that the most humble and active Christians will wonder when they arrive in heaven, that they have actually done so *little* for Him, who has given His dear Son for them; for Him who has laid down His life for them. Was it possible for a happy spirit to feel a sensation of regret, would they not feel it in view of this subject?

CRANSTON, SEPT. 11, 1830.

To MISS M. DANIELS. — What do you hear or know that indicates that Christians are becoming more awake to the solemn responsibility that rests upon them? It is an affecting truth that the world lieth in wickedness, and that it is to be brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, by a little company of his friends; that is, that they are to be employed as instruments in the glorious enterprise. Do you think that Christians generally are aware of the field that is opened before them, when they are commanded really to act for Christ? Is it sufficiently considered that the spirit of prayer is the very spirit of holy action? The history of Christ and the apostles surely presents not merely feelings, but a continued scene of unparalleled exertions and self-denial. And how many facilities have Christians now for extending the kingdom of the Redeemer that the apostles had not. There are things in connection with this subject that have rested with fearful interest upon the mind of your friend H. of late. I can sometimes seem to realize that not being actively engaged for Christ is about the same thing as taking sides with the great enemy.

CRANSTON, SEPT. 26, 1830.

To MISS M. W. — I have thought more than usual of late, that, if the standard of personal piety could be raised, it would do more to extend the interests of Zion than a hundred new societies and agents that make a great show in the world. I know there must be societies and agents, and wish there were many more than there are; but, if the love of Christ would move every wheel in the vast machinery of Christian enterprise, the nations of the earth could soon become the kingdom of Christ. Oh, how many spirits, in opposition to this only one on which God can look with approbation, have gone abroad, wearing the garb of Christian benevolence.

But, sister Mary, if I have cause for humble gratitude, you have cause to rejoice exceedingly. If you are in the midst of a revival of religion, you do see the glory of God passing before you, in the salvation of souls, more precious than a million of globes of gold. But while you rejoice, as you certainly must if you have one particle of love to the Saviour, can you realize the awful responsibility that rests upon every individual who is allowed to witness such a scene? If pure and undefiled religion is re-

vived, the Spirit is poured out, and can you suppose it will be withdrawn, until grieved away by the sins of Christians? I verily believe this sentiment. I know God is a Sovereign, but He always adapts the means to the end. The very place where you stand is holy ground, and may grace be given you so to walk, that when the great day shall disclose the secrets of all hearts, it may not be found that the Divine Spirit has been provoked to withdraw His heavenly influences by any of your sins. I often think of you, and if you will allow me, will say, that, from the nature of your employment, and some circumstances connected with your situation, I fear lest you be tempted to substitute Christian converse and general good feeling, for deep humility, watchfulness and communion with God. This you will receive as a friendly caution, not as a charge.

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The following extract from one of Miss Ware's scholars, bears testimony to her fidelity as a teacher and her great success in imparting religious instruction to her pupils.

HOPKINTON, SEPT. 7, 1849.

* * * *

Miss Ware came here in August, 1827, to teach school. I remember perfectly well the first morning, when, with several other children, I called at my uncle's, where Miss W. was boarding, and she was introduced to us as our teacher. What was our surprise when some were welcomed by a shake of the hand, others by a pat on the head, and the smaller ones with a kiss on the cheek; this, with her smiles and gentle kindness, soon won our affections and espect, and made a deep and lasting impression on the mind, which time will never efface. We went in company with her to school, where we met the other children, and they too were received in the same kind and friendly manner. She commenced the school with prayer, gave such instruction as she thought proper, and arranged the classes. Each scholar was directed *what* to do, and *how* to do it. She was always ready and willing to explain the "whys and wherefores," as she called them; therefore we had no trouble, and were happy. All this was so unlike what we had been accustomed to from former teachers, that we all felt we had secured a friend as well as teacher. Thus pleasantly and happily passed the few short weeks of the

summer's school. She also possessed a very peculiar and interesting way of explaining all that was difficult and perplexing to the children; she would never yield the point until all was fully understood. I recollect one instance in particular. A little girl was very much troubled about understanding her grammar; she had studied it a long time, learned almost every part of it, could repeat it correctly when asked, and yet was entirely ignorant of its principles. Miss W. soon discovered her embarrassment, and tried to explain the difficulties, but found it too much of a task to accomplish during school hours; she kindly said, I have not time to attend to it now as I wish, but think I can make you love grammar yet. Just take your book in your hand, and we will walk home together; and I think by the time we separate you will think grammar a pretty study. The task was accomplished, and ever after it was among her pleasant lessons. All the duties of the school were conducted in the same persevering, gentle manner. Her employers soon became as much attached to her as her pupils were, and they were anxious she should take the winter school. She reluctantly accepted. Her fear of incompetency was such, that she

went to Providence, to prepare herself for the term. She then returned, and resumed her labors under very favorable circumstances. She was perfectly qualified for every department, and gave general satisfaction. It was the most interesting school I ever attended. It was large; the house small and crowded, yet the most perfect order and system prevailed. Her time and talents were devoted to the scholars; she studied constantly the best method of teaching them how to spend their time profitably and pleasantly, and succeeded. Her religious influence and example produced a beneficial and lasting effect. Her daily life and conversation proved that she had been with Jesus. Many of those who attended her school received their first religious impressions from *her*, and almost all of them have become worthy members of the church of Christ.

## CHAPTER II.

### RESIDENCE AT INDIA POINT.

In the spring of 1832, Miss Ware commenced her labors at India Point. A lady who had become acquainted with her energy of character, her success as a teacher, and her single-hearted devotedness as a Christian, suggested to her this locality as a field of labor for which she seemed peculiarly adapted. The reasons which led her to adopt this suggestion, and become a missionary in this destitute neighborhood, are sufficiently made known in the course of the following correspondence. Her success was such as to lead her to another undertaking, in which she also became eminently useful. A few preliminary remarks may perhaps enable the reader the better to comprehend the nature of her situation.

What is termed India Point is a small suburb of Providence, at a considerable distance from

the centre of the city, on the bank of the Seekonk or Pawtucket River, at the spot where a bridge connects the State of Rhode Island with the State of Massachusetts. It consists of a cluster of small houses, inhabited principally by oystermen and fishermen, presenting nothing in its general appearance that would distinguish it from similar situations which may be found in the vicinity of most large towns. The occupation of the inhabitants had brought them but little into contact with the rest of the community. They enjoyed the same opportunities for intellectual and moral cultivation as their fellow-citizens, and it was, I presume, taken for granted that they improved them in a similar manner. No one was led in this direction by the calls of business, and no one had taken the pains to inquire whether the people of this little hamlet were either better or worse than their neighbors. In this manner they had been sadly overlooked by the benevolent, and had formed a community in some respects clannish, and were to a considerable degree separated from the rest of the population. For myself, I must confess, that, until I heard of Miss Ware's labors, I do not think that I had ever heard of the existence of such a neighborhood as India Point, and, of

course, I knew nothing of the destitution of its inhabitants. Its moral condition was, I believe, first made known by some zealous and self-denying tract distributors, or by the pious teacher of a common school in its vicinity. In this manner its wants were revealed to the religious public, and the feeling thus awakened led to the introduction of Miss Ware to this city.

If I do not err, Miss Ware was invited to commence her labors at India Point by a society of benevolent ladies, who had, for many years, been actively engaged in providing pious school teachers for the most destitute regions of Rhode Island. At this time, there was no provision by the State for general education, and the need of such private effort for the instruction of the young was sufficiently apparent. It was through the labors of this society that the wants of the State were more fully made known to the public; and thus the present advanced position of this State, in the means for universal education, may date its origin from the unostentatious labors of a few pious females. It was, I believe, their practice to pay the teacher a part of her support, leaving her to obtain the remainder from the parents of her pupils. This rule

though doubtless the best that could have been adopted, in the present case, subjected Miss Ware to inconveniences, of which her friends at the time were not aware.

The situation at India Point was, in a remarkable degree, adapted to call out the native energies of Miss Ware's character. She could labor here alone, without the danger of being annoyed by interference from any quarter whatever. She was in the midst of a neighborhood which seemed to have been given up as hopeless. This awakened all her enterprise. She was told that the attempt which she was about to make was absurd; and the "ruling elders," to use her own expression, in a most paternal way, told her "she must not think of it." This at once nerved her to the final resolution to accomplish the work, or perish. But, above all, she felt as a practical truth, that she was a redeemed sinner, constrained by the love of Christ not to live for herself, but for Him who had died for her and risen again. This sentiment of gratitude absorbed and transcended every other. To be conscious that she was in a common and formal manner giving up herself to God, could by no means satisfy her ardent desires. She desired such a form of labor as

would have nothing but the love of Christ and the souls of men to recommend it; so that, delivered from the temptations of ease, and the love of human applause, and almost bereft of human sympathy, she might possess the daily consciousness that she was obeying nothing but the will of God, and laying up nothing but a treasure in heaven. Such a situation she found at India Point, and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, made it a Bethel to her soul.

In many other minor respects she was in a special manner fitted for this task. Her health was good, and her capacity of enduring fatigue remarkable. Her personal courage was such as is rarely surpassed. Her good humor was unfailing, and her native love of the ludicrous extracted matter for mirth, from occurrences, which, to less elastic spirits, would have proved purely annoying.

It was at this period of her life that my own acquaintance with Miss Ware commenced. After she had been for a few months engaged in her labors, I heard that a young woman of singularly self-denying energy, was devoting herself to the welfare of this suburb of the city. In company with a friend, I called upon her, and

invited her to visit me at her leisure, and inform me, if I could, in any manner, aid her. She soon afterwards accepted my invitation, and from that time, until her death, I was in the habit of seeing her frequently.

I no sooner became acquainted with her than I formed the opinion of her character, which her whole subsequent history justified. There was in her conversation a tone of originality that indicated a mind master of its own resources, and accustomed to use them on any emergency. You saw at once that she was capable of looking at things in their true light, unembarrassed by the glare of conventional associations. Her benevolence seemed self-sacrificing to the utmost limit of endurance, and yet it was eminently sagacious and practical. She never spoke of her labors or of herself, unless the object in which she was engaged rendered it necessary, and even then with manifest reluctance. She never made any demands upon the sympathy of her friends, but seemed to prefer to bear her own burden so long as it was possible, how heavy soever it might be. To put herself entirely out of the question, and think only of the cause in which she was engaged, did not seem to require an effort; it had become the

habitual condition of her mind. In a word, she was one of those rare persons to whom you feel willing to commit any benevolent enterprise which she might originate, in the full confidence that she would conduct it with untiring energy, perfect disinterestedness, and cautious, yet courageous wisdom.

During her residence at India Point, Miss Ware was in the habit of frequently visiting at my house, and asking my advice and assistance whenever she thought that any benefit could be derived from them. Most of the incidents which transpired at this period, have, however, faded from my recollection, and those which she has recorded in her letters, I had forgotten until I was reminded of them by reading her correspondence. I can, at this distance of time, recall but little of her residence there, except the remembrance of her toils, her self-denials, and her success.

After the first impression of her labors, when the families around her had passed away, she frequently stated to me the embarrassments with which she was contending. Notwithstanding the number of conversions that had occurred, the neighborhood was still vicious. Many of her most promising pupils were the children of

intemperate and profane parents. The lessons of the school-room, both on the Sabbath and the week day, were rendered ineffectual by the language and manners of the fireside and the play-ground. She thus became convinced that, in a multitude of instances, she was laboring with no permanent result. Evil sprung up and bore fruit faster than she could eradicate it. The children, for whose welfare she had labored and prayed most earnestly, and with the brightest prospect of success, were led astray by the force of incessant bad example ; and thus all her hopes were over and over again blasted.

But Miss Ware was not a person to despair even in circumstances like these. One form of effort had failed. This, however, was not to her an indication that her undertaking must be relinquished, but only that she must endeavor to accomplish it in some other manner. It occurred to her that if these children could be removed from their present neighborhood, and placed in comfortable situations in the country, where they might form different associations, and be educated under Christian influences, many of them might be saved. To this work she at once addressed herself. The confidence reposed in her by the parents of her pupils was

so great, that they were in many cases willing to allow her to take the charge of their children on these terms. By inquiry among her friends, in different places, she found situations for them as she was able; and thus she placed many of them in happy Christian homes.

In the management of this part of her labors, she was remarkably careful and deliberate. She would place a child in no family, unless she was previously convinced that it would be properly educated and prepared for usefulness, and at the same time treated with judicious kindness. In a large number of instances she found persons who, having been deprived of their children by death, or never having been blessed with offspring, were willing to adopt her proteges as their own. In most cases no one knew of her arrangements, besides the parties immediately interested. Hence the children grew up widely separated from each other, and in many cases forgetful of their origin, and almost forgetful of every other family except that into which they have been adopted. Many of them have already married, and are occupying respectable positions in society, in various parts of New England.

Such was the nature of Miss Ware's labors at

India Point. Her school was becoming gradually a house of reformation for juvenile delinquents, and a refuge for the orphan and friendless in that part of the city. In what manner it expanded into the Children's Friend Society, will be seen in the subsequent chapter.

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PROVIDENCE, JUNE 15, 1832.

THE same eve that I arrived here, I called on Miss S., to see what had been done in relation to the India Point School. I soon ascertained that all had been done that could be without my own personal effort; and that was just nothing, except that influential individuals were in favor of the object. Accordingly, Miss S. and myself spent the day at the Point in making inquiries. All seemed disposed to speak in favor of the school; but most thought their neighbors so bad, that they feared nothing could be done. I was entirely faithless myself, until I mentioned the subject to some whose influence and assistance were indispensably necessary, and was told by such, that the object must be abandoned, that the people were completely savage; that it was an improper place for a female; and

that a child, eight years old, would turn me out of school. I felt, as you will naturally infer, you know me so well, greatly encouraged, and was determined, at all events, to persevere. After a thousand little perplexities, some of which it would be quite amusing to relate if I had time, I succeeded in entering my school with seventeen scholars; about as many as I expected could be obtained. The first week I was obliged to board two miles and a half from my school, not being able to obtain board in the vicinity of it. I soon, however, found a boarding place nearer to it. My school was composed of a strange compound. Some had been to school, some had not; some could read, some could not; some seemed disposed to treat me civilly, some swore they would knock my brains out, and such like things. But, to do justice to them, every parent, as far as I have learned, was willing that their children should be governed. My school has gradually increased in number and interest, and I have now fifty scholars. It is considered a very encouraging circumstance, that the children continue to be pleased with the school, as most of them had been under no kind of restriction or discipline whatever. Though there seems almost every thing to dis-

courage, yet there are some things to encourage persevering effort. The parents, though seemingly ignorant and forgetful of God, appear to regard the school as an interposition of Providence in behalf of their children. The children, in some instances, are kept from Sabbath school and meeting to work, and are allowed to play; but, in most cases, they can be collected together, by going to every house after them to lead them to Sabbath school, and they generally attend meeting and appear pleased. Not a single scholar in my school had ever been put to study, but I find them capable of improvement.

Instead of an oath at the end of every sentence, the children seem now rather to exult that they do not swear or quarrel. Many other things rejoice my whole soul; but as I cannot make you understand how much they are indebted to influence from abroad, I cannot tell you more; for it now looks like a kind of an exhibition of *I*, whereas I have done nothing, and less than that. But I can assure you there is much for somebody to do. Not a few married people have I found, who cannot read, and do not even know their letters. A few such have been induced to come to my school-room, be-

tween schools, and have learned to read the Bible. More, I hope, will be persuaded to do the same. The most destructive foe is *intemperance.* I think the Point might be a good place for a Temperance Society, for most surely the children and wives, who do not get drunk, have seen and suffered enough to make them willing to promote the virtue of temperance. You will not despise me, I hope, if I just say that, in view of all I have seen here, I could not feel willing to die, without knowing that my worthless name was somewhere to be found on a Temperance pledge.

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PROVIDENCE, AUGUST 3, 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER — It is so long since I have written to you, that I have quite forgotten when it was, and where it was. For some months past, my cares have rendered it impossible for me to write to any of my friends. But suppose I give you a little account of myself. During the last winter, I received a letter from a friend in this place, stating the degraded state of a set of human beings at India Point, in this city, with a wish

that I would come and establish a school among them. Many things conspired together to make me wish to come. It looked to me like a field for usefulness. I left Hopkinton again for Massachusetts, designing to call here and see what had been done about the school. I found that nothing could be done without my own immediate effort, and almost every thing seemed to me to forbid that effort being made. I called on individuals whose influence and assistance must be obtained, if the school should be established. Scarcely one was in favor of it; all admitted it was needed, but said it could not be effected; and that a school would not be sustained a fortnight. I know not how to account for it, except from the principle of obstinacy; but I was by this greatly encouraged to make the effort, and finally succeeded in establishing a school last April. With humble gratitude, I wish to say, that those who had most tried to discourage the attempt, were ready to co-operate. The object has finally secured the approbation of all the good in the community, and I ought to say the patronage; for various societies and individuals have said to me, If you need assistance, call upon us, and we will aid you. The school and neighbor-

hood were better than I expected, but queer enough, I assure you. My number of scholars has increased to as great a number as I can possibly take care of. Most of them have improved rapidly in their learning, but much more in their habits. What, in a special manner, demands my gratitude, is that the Lord, who is of great mercy, has appeared in the midst of us by His Spirit. Some of my scholars, for some weeks past, have appeared deeply serious, as well as some of their parents. Two are now indulging hope of pardon, through the atoning blood of a Saviour. Some of the parents likewise indulge a hope. Much more I could say to interest you about them, but I fear you will think *I* am doing great things. But, my dear friends, this is not true. Surely there is no *God like our God*, wonderful in counsel and in working. It is my humble privilege, but one for which I wish forever to adore his infinite condescension, to stand a spectator and behold his glory with admiring gratitude. Much Christian effort has been made in behalf of this place; it is the efforts of other servants which the Lord has particularly blessed. I rejoice that he sends by whom he will send, if not by me. He knows the pride of my heart, and how readily

I should exalt myself, if I could feel that *I am doing something.*

You, probably, may know something of the agitation that has prevailed here in relation to the cholera. We are expecting it every hour, and have been so for weeks or months. The second Instant, four in one house, it is feared, died of that disease. I have had thoughts of suspending my school, but I have submitted to the advice of those who are best acquainted with the circumstances, and all agree that it is important to continue the school until it may be broken up by the pestilence. I have never thought of fleeing to save my life, for no angel has been commissioned to inform me to what mountain I might fly and be secure. I have thought it might be desirable to die with my friends, but I am not anxious, and desire you may not be on my account. I believe I am in the way of duty, and do not know that I want any other security than firm confidence in God. Perhaps I have mistaken the dictates of my judgment for the feelings of my heart; but, if I am not deceived, my heart feels cheerful in the assurance that every circumstance of my death will be ordered by my heavenly Father. The Lord has been very merciful to me, though

I have been very rebellious and unfaithful. I see, more and more, that there is but *one object* worthy the entire attention of intelligent beings, and that is the promotion of the cause of Christ in the world. For this, and this alone, I pray that I may live, and I have but this one petition for you.

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PROVIDENCE, AUGUST 20, 1832.

I HAVE found myself almost as completely buried at India Point, as if there were no where else, nor any body else in the world. I shall never attempt to describe to you, or any one else, scenes that have passed since I have been here, but will say, generally, that to me many things have appeared interesting. The children attend meeting and Sabbath school regularly, and behave with much propriety. Four families hired pews in the church last week. One, who hired a pew, had never been within the doors till the Sabbath before last. I will just say one thing in relation to myself, since I have been here. There have been circumstances which have led many to say, "Why, how much good she has done them;" and even good people have returned thanks to the Lord,

that he had made me instrumental of so much good to this people; and, what is worse, all this in my hearing. Now, my dear M., I never believed a moment, that the Lord was pleased with such offerings; and I firmly believe he will manifest his entire disapprobation of every such thought and expression. Indeed, I think he has begun to manifest it. Last week, from beginning to end, the voice of his Providence seemed to be, "I will humble every thing that exalteth itself; I will bring down every high look;" and, my dear M., if my heart does not deceive me, I pray that he would do it. I have mentioned this, in part, for your profit. Do not suffer any one in your presence to say flattering things of the good you are doing; and, if they offer such in sacrifice to the Lord, reprove them. If I have any one petition to offer in your behalf, it is that you may be kept *humble*, and this petition I desire you will offer for me.

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PROVIDENCE, AUGUST 24, 1832.

I WILL just mention, generally, that the indications of Providence are still in favor of a school here. The Lord is certainly very gracious to

me, for he does allow me to occupy a place where I can open my eyes, and see what He is doing for the glory of his great name. Unworthy as I am, it has been my privilege to attend some of my dear children to the inquiry meeting, and to hear them express their hope of being pardoned sinners. You know how very different it is to indulge a hope, from really bringing forth the fruits of holiness in the life. Nothing yet appears to forbid the belief that they are what they think themselves to be. My dear H., do you see with what a pressure of circumstances I am surrounded? The peculiarly interesting state of the school and neighborhood, for which I have become so deeply interested, added to the circumstance of living in the daily expectation of pestilence, which, with but an hour's warning, might forever separate me from those, whose history for the judgment is going on under my instructions and daily influence. I can only say, O Lord, what am I that thou shouldst take me into thine account? In view of all that I have experienced of the great goodness of God, I have felt an unusual desire to consecrate myself to the service of Christ.

PROVIDENCE, SEPT. 16, 1832.

MY DEAR FATHER — As Rev. Mr. H. of this city, is to pass your house to-morrow in the stage, it occurs to me that it may be a trifling gratification to you to hear from your long absent daughter. * * * It seems but a little while since all your children eat at the same table; but, my dear father, you will not probably ever again be thus surrounded by your family, on earth. But, if all are the true friends and followers of the Saviour, we might hope to meet in a father's house, to go no more out. This seems the errand for which we were sent into the world; to lay up a little treasure in heaven; for our treasure on earth will soon be out of use with us. Our coin will not pass in the country to which we are rapidly hastening.

I cannot tell you much of myself, except that I am in health in the very midst of disease and death. I pursue my accustomed employment, in the very spot where I wish to be employed, and with as much success as I have any right to expect will ever attend my exertions. I have a flourishing school, of about forty scholars, at India Point, on Seekonk River. It is a spot that has long been abandoned, overlooked and forgotten. Whole families reside in

this little neighborhood, within the sound of the church bells of this city, who seldom, if ever, saw the inside of a church; within the sound of the school bells, where they might go and be taught free of expense, they are unable to read. Even mothers are here, who knew not the alphabet; the children dirty and ragged, roving the streets, and taught nothing but to profane the name of the Being who made them. But it seems the Lord had designs of mercy towards them, for he has put it into the hearts of many of his children to pray and labor for them, and he has blessed effort in their behalf beyond what we dared to hope. A most striking change is manifest in the general appearance of the place. The children, with very few exceptions, are dressed in clean clothes on the Sabbath morn, regularly attend Sabbath school and meeting, and behave with as much propriety as I have been accustomed to see children. Some heads of families, who never saw the inside of a church till this season, have hired seats, and attend meeting regularly; others, who are unwilling to have it known that they go to meeting, will contrive to go in the evening, and place themselves where they can hear, and not be seen; others appear to have

been redeemed from the bondage of sin, and adopted into the family of Christ; while some seem to have been given up to their own deceivings, and are apparently angry that the Lord is coming too near them. Among many other things which appear to have been owned of God, is the influence of my school. I mention this, my dear father, with humble gratitude, and wish you to be grateful too. It seems truly wonderful to me, that one so unworthy should be allowed the privilege of occupying a place that is of any importance to my fellow-beings. I do not now, nor do I ever wish to feel that I am *doing much*, but at least I am a happy spectator of what the Lord is doing for the honor of His own dear name. I have said, I am happy, and so I am, when I remember God will be glorified in all the works of His hands; but when I remember, too, how many years I lived in entire disregard of the laws and authority of Him that made me; turning a deaf ear to the melting invitations of a bleeding Saviour; sporting with his dying agony, and trampling his blood under my feet; grieving the Holy Spirit, by which I was sometimes admonished of death, judgment, and eternity; and, to crown all, how very little I have exemplified the excellency of

religion by a holy life and well ordered conversation, since I professed to love the Saviour, and covenanted to give him my entire services ; and how much there is still, in my heart and life, that is not in conformity to the spirit of the Gospel ; I am constrained to exclaim, mentally, Wo is me ! wretch, indeed ! who shall deliver me from this body of death ! But, vile as I am, if my heart does not deceive me, I think I find increasing evidence of possessing some union of heart to Christ. I think I do find increasing pleasure in being permitted to perform the most humble service for him. I sometimes think I see that superlative excellence in his character, that, if my soul were worth ten thousand times as much as it is, I could most cheerfully give it to him, and rejoice that to Him, with the Father, belongeth dominion and power, forever. Moreover, I do hope I have a little of that peace which is promised to those whose minds are stayed on God.

I did not think of writing all that I have when I commenced, but I have long felt a desire to leave a little testimony with you of my views and feelings, thinking that possibly, ah ! more than probably, if you should live a few months, that all you would ever know of me,

might be that the clods of India Point covered my worthless clay. Such has been, and still is, the state of things, that I realize, in some measure, that I am living by the hour. I have not unfrequently left my school-room, under the impression that, perhaps, before another rising sun, a grave might be opened to receive me; and, when I have entered my room in the morning, that, perhaps, I had met my smiling children for the last time. The dire judgment which has swept sixty millions of human beings from the Eastern continent, and seems destined to track the whole earth, has not prevailed extensively here, but cases of cholera are occurring almost every day.

I would gladly say much about many other things, and speak particularly of every member of the family, but my sheet is full ere I was aware of it. One word I would say to every one of them who has not a well grounded hope of eternal life, and that is — there is but *one* Saviour; whoever rejects him, there remaineth for him no more sacrifice for sin; there is but one Holy Spirit; if that is rejected until it depart, the soul can never be born again.

PROVIDENCE, OCT. 11, 1832.

I SINCERELY hope that you are where you are happy, and not entirely useless. Our object should be, not so much to live where roses spring up under our feet at every step, and thornless roses, too, as to be where Providence intends we should be, and try to be useful there. I do not occupy a very elevated stand, and know not that any one who is proud would covet my employment. But I hope I shall be thankful if my pride does not destroy me, and actually stand in the way of any good which might otherwise come through me to my fellow-beings.

In the first place, I have the honor to teach school, for a class of people whom no other person ever had the honor of teaching much, except how to catch oysters and a few such things. But, before they can be taught, they must be collected, some from off the wharves, some out of sand banks, some out of the oyster shells; not that I mean, however, that my children are oysters. This is not done once merely, but more or less every week. Sabbath mornings, if I can get upon the ground before my children are all gone a fishing, I can collect quite a number into the Sabbath school, by going to something like a dozen houses and a few

wharves. This was more emphatically true the first part of the season than now, for I assure you there are some now who would not be hired to stay at home if their parents would allow them, and some of the parents would not allow them to be absent. Recently, I have taken a fancy to visit the grog-shops on Sunday mornings. You must not laugh at, or be angry with me, for by so doing the inmates go to meeting. Just now, I am making arrangements for an evening school, and to board myself, for the sake of saving expense, so as to be able to sustain my school through the winter.

I have written thus to amuse you, but I will say, seriously, that I am in an interesting spot. The way was evidently prepared for an influence to be exerted here through the medium of a school. It has been my humble privilege to have charge of this school, and the Lord has greatly blessed every effort that has been made for their benefit. I do sincerely hope that some have been savingly benefited. Some of the parents and children have indulged the hope that their sins are pardoned, and others are deeply serious.

I have, during the past summer, realized that what I did here must be done quickly. Although I have no *assurance* of hope, I find it a

blessed thing to live in view of death. It has been peculiarly sweet to think that whatever may become of me at last, I may, if I choose, live for Christ while I live upon the earth; and, though I have great occasion to be humbled in the dust that my heart is so often found wandering from God, yet I desire no other Master than Christ. I wish for no higher place than to sit at his feet. The words of John, when he said, "the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose," have appeared unusually interesting to me. If my deceitful heart does not entirely deceive me, I do feel it a privilege, of which I am infinitely unworthy, to perform the least service for Him.

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Providence, Dec. 26, 1832.

My Dear M. — * * * I hardly know whether to sum up the whole of myself and India Point, and just say we are one family, or to give you a little description of my residence, manner of life and the like. I suppose you have so long despaired of seeing me a housekeeper, that you will be quite astonished at the fact, that it is even so. Yes, my dear M., I am a housekeeper, with almost forty children,

during the day, and twenty, yes, nearly thirty, every evening, except Saturday and Sunday evenings. I shall not inform you of my style of living; you must come and see it. I have food that is good, and enough of it. I have no time to cook, but I have never been destitute of little rarities ready cooked. Necessity has driven me to this. I found it would be utterly impossible to keep school, days and evenings too, and go the distance I must to find board. My evening school is composed principally of adults, some of whom want nothing but an opportunity to be valuable people; others are just what they are.

At the time when I was upon the point of giving up my Sabbath school, for want of assistance, a stranger came in one Sabbath morning, and seeing the state of things, was moved with compassion, and offered to do every thing in his power to assist. He has not only been punctual and efficient himself, but has obtained a sufficient number of excellent teachers from the college, and the school has taken a new character. In addition to that, as the cold season was approaching, every thing indicated that the school must be broken up for want of support. But, just at the turning point, and without solicitation, said one, Don't you wish

for a good stove? I have one, and you shall be welcome to use it, as long as you have need of it. About the same time, another said he would be responsible for as much fuel as I wanted. Thus, the Unseen Hand has been stretched out for the support of this school, and it is now as flourishing as at any former period. Our meetings have taken a new character. Instead of *brethren* meetings, we have the very best of sermons, and instead of three or four men and women, enough to half fill the room. I have obtained several long seats, and my room is filled so full there is no place for another, and the kitchen is also almost as full. There is not so much deep seriousness as there was last summer, but far more general attention.

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PROVIDENCE, DEC. 1, 1832.

IN consequence of a very severe snow storm, which confines me to the house, and company being out of my room, I have a few moments which are nearer at my disposal than any I can recollect for months. Of course, my thoughts naturally fix upon my dear A., her husband and children. I can already think of a thousand things I should love to know respecting them.

But no one is near to answer my questions. Imagination pictures as much cheerfulness at your fireside as is profitable for you. And, let me add, that your friend Harriet's situation, probably, is as unlike yours as can be conceived, yet, perhaps, not in all respects, for she, too, is as cheerful as the *birds* of spring; I mean generally.

I hardly know with what to fill up this; but, if you will endure it patiently, perhaps I will give you a little history of your friend *I*, since leaving Hopkinton the last of March.

I then came to this place by the request of my friend Esther, for the purpose of trying to establish a school at India Point. After I came, I named the object to several individuals on whose influence it seemed to depend. All, with one or two exceptions, said *No.* Said Mr. W., "Go back where you came from, and never name it again." Said another, "Do not think of it; they are complete savages. A child of eight years of age would turn you out of the house." Said another, who seemed to be a *ruling Elder*, "My dear, you must not attempt it. We cannot encourage or support you; we do not think it respectable for any female to go there." But, after all, the school was established the last week in April, and my

school was soon filled with scholars. It was no small curiosity to see the variety. Some had been to school, and some had not. Some could read, and some could not. Some appeared pleased, and disposed to treat me civilly; some declared they would knock my *brains* out; but they have never done it. On the whole, it seemed a spot in the moral world, on which no dew, or rain, or life-giving rays, had ever fallen. But it seemed there was a soil, and the Lord had prepared it to receive seed. In the establishment of the school, the interpositions of Providence seemed peculiarly striking, and almost every step of its progress has been marked by a certain something which seems to be understood by all, even the wicked and profane, to *mean* — the Lord hath done this. From the commencement of this school to the present time, I believe India Point has had a place in many hearts who love to pray. True, there have been times when it seemed that all was fast sinking; yet many tongues and hearts and hands have moved in its behalf; and moved, too, at just such times and under such circumstances, as distinctly said, the Lord moved them.

I must mention some particulars, as specimens of very many others. In the first place,

it was proposed to have a Sabbath school in connection with the day school. The gentleman who assisted in organizing the school happened to be, of all other men, the most suitable for the work. He could excite a deep interest when most other men might have as well been asleep. Another thing; when the cholera was expected daily, all said it would come to India Point first, because it was thought that the wickedness and filth here was enough to engender it, if it had never before been in the world. But not so. When the whole city was in commotion, the inhabitants flying like leaves in a whirlwind, many day schools dismissed or deserted, Sabbath schools distracted, teachers and children having fled before the destroying angel, India Point was so poor it could not move. Neither did I receive any *direct commission* to flee to the mountains. Of course, my school moved on without interruption. No cholera came near it; but the Spirit of the living God came very near, and, I would humbly hope, some brands were plucked from the burning. Perhaps I will tell you more of this before I get through. I must mention one circumstance more. As the cold season was approaching, every thing indicated that I must

close my school. I had received but a bare support; I could make no greater personal sacrifice than I had made, and there seemed no where to look for resources sufficient to sustain it, with the additional expense of fuel and stove. Besides, I found it impossible to obtain assistance in the Sabbath school; those who had been willing to assist had become weary. Sometimes, after spending most of the Saturday in trying to obtain help, I would go on Sabbath morning, as has been my practice, to every house and wharf on the Point, to collect my children into school, and then find myself the only teacher, with perhaps forty scholars, divided into six or seven classes. Just at this crisis, I went into my school-room one morning, and found two gentlemen who were entire strangers to me. They knew as little of me, as I of them. They appeared to know nothing of the school, only that it was at India Point. No one had invited them to call. They, however, assisted me, and the next day one called again. After inquiring into some circumstances in connection with the school, he asked if I was willing to stay through the winter; being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Then give yourself no uneasiness about the support of the

school; I will be responsible for it." Thus far, he has proved that he meant what he said.

And now, do not laugh. Your friend H. is keeping house, teaching day school as usual, and an evening school four evenings in a week. My evening school is made up of the last materials that are necessary to finish the creation. Some sailors and their wives, some young men who cannot, or rather could not, read even the alphabet, others who cannot write, and some who are studying arithmetic. Most of them work in the ship-yard, or catch oysters. The number of scholars is eighteen. My room is perfumed with a compound of oyster mud, coal and tar, (which forms the crust of their faces, hands and clothes,) rosin, tobacco and gin. But so it is. They are willing to be taught, and I am willing they should be. I am neither afraid or ashamed to teach them. I do not know that any thing good will result from it. But be it so. I have the satisfaction of knowing that four evenings in a week, from six to eight o'clock, they are neither quarrelling, gambling, blaspheming the name of the Being who made them, nor drinking; and this is reward and encouragement enough.

By this time you need something to make you smile. Well, here it is, a description of

Harriet with her house-keeping apparatus. My school-room is a lower room on the street, conveniently fitted for school, seats, writing-desks, &c., stove to warm the room, a closet for books, and wood, &c. My household furniture consists of an old pine table, one leaf of which I can spread, the other is lame; a water pail, tin cup, a furnace, and tin lamp with the japan off, two tea-cups and saucers; one tea-cup I use for sugar, and one saucer I use for butter plate; two knives and one fork, one tea-spoon, one table ditto. I cannot finish this inventory; it would be tedious; you can guess at the rest. I have one very small room beside my school-room, which contains my clothes, bed, band-boxes, and a few movable writing benches, with a small closet which holds all my stores. Just let me say here, that my food is good, and I mean it shall be, for my fatigue would soon wear me out, if it was not. There are three families in the house, beside myself and the forty children, in the day time. Two of these families contain two distinct families each, which would make five families beside my own. In the room adjoining mine, there is almost a constant stream of profanity and fault-finding, that is, except when they are in the

evening school. I have often left the house at night, because I was afraid murder would be committed before morning. But that family has moved. Say you, Why do you live so? Come and see me, and I will tell you. Say you, Why do you call a school together in such a bedlam? I answer, It is the best, indeed the only place, where a school can be called together at all. But, say you, No good can come under such circumstances. I tell you, good has come. A whole neighborhood of children, who, eight months' since, could not read, and seemed to know only how to profane God's name and quarrel, strolling the streets on the Sabbath, looking more like swine than children, have learned to read their Bibles, are more still and civil than the generality of children in the city. They do not now use profane language, but are dressed cleanly, and attend Sabbath school and meeting. In some instances, intemperate parents, who knew no peace, no order, no Sabbath, have become temperate, industrious, orderly, peaceable, and, I humbly hope, *pious*.

But, say you, Has your wonderful school done all this? I answer, No, none of it comparatively. It has been just this, and no more. It has found favor in the eyes of the people; of

course their children have been drawn into it, and learned to read; and, I do not say it has had no influence upon the morals of the children, for it has. It has opened a room, where Christians can come together and pray and hold religious meetings; and by going to the people and persuading them, they have frequently been induced to come in and hear, if for no other reason than to get rid of whoever went after them. If you had been a mouse in some of the India Point gin-shops, on Sabbath mornings, you might have received a call from one of Dr. Emmons's people (trained to his nice habits of thinking, that females must regard propriety,) insisting on the inmates going to meeting. And still more would you be astonished to know that any success had attended such management as this. But, strange as it may seem, it is true. In my opinion, this is the very place where such effort is the only thing that can reach them. But how one of Dr. E.'s people ever came to be sent to such a place no body can tell, unless it was to make her *willing to bend a little.* We have preaching here once a week. I will only add, that good influences, from various sources, are now exerted in this neighborhood, and they are felt. I believe the

Spirit of God has been here; and the result of it is, the woman with whom I lodge has indulged a hope, and last month united with the church. Three more (one a member of my school) are candidates for admission to the church. Others give evidence of piety. Some others are anxious. My dear friend, it has not very unfrequently, during the past summer, been my privilege to attend my own dear children to the inquiry meetings. I should love to tell you a great deal of the deeply interesting state of things which is existing here, but I have taken all my paper, and filled it with what I am afraid will make you despise me. Do forgive me for writing and sending such a worthless thing as this. Do write, not because this deserves an answer, but because I wish to hear from you.

Yours most affectionately,

HARRIET WARE.

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PROVIDENCE, JAN. 17, 1833.

* * * * I do my own work, and have a day and evening school. One evening in the week there is preaching in my room. On Saturdays, I generally make calls on the families in the place, besides other calls of business;

and, on Saturday evenings, my room is the resort of all the boys who are disposed to come. Some come to prepare Sabbath school lessons, others to be amused in any way I can think of. This being their leisure evening, they would otherwise be particularly exposed to temptation. Sunday mornings, I rise very early, and, with all my diligence, cannot more than have myself and my room prepared by nine o'clock, when teachers and children assemble for Sabbath school. I attend church twice, and sometimes go in the evening, but should never go in the evening except for the sake of others. One hour of the intermission on Sunday noons, is spent in reading to those who wish to hear. Now, can you tell me where my leisure time is?

Do not think, dear friends, that I am driven to this sad dilemma against my will. It is my choice, and the pleasure of my life so to live. Sincerely do I hope that I shall never be much more at leisure. I should really enjoy telling you how signal have been the interpositions of Providence in behalf of this school. I will only say that my school is daily increasing in interest; and the causes which lead to this result are such as can be ascribed to no human wisdom or forethought. Every thing is now in train

for a good school-house, and some other things are in progress which it seems may facilitate effort. But, after all, I am by no means anxious for those appearances of permanency, which might lead one almost to trust in them. Hitherto, *dependence*, *entire dependence* and exertion, has marked the way.

I must not forget to say, that four from this little spot have recently made a profession, and others indulge a hope; and, for months, there has not been a time when some were not inquiring on the subject of religion. This is the Lord's doing, and is truly marvellous in the eyes of all who have known any thing of this place.

July 22, 1835.

Never did the privilege of providing homes for little wretched children appear so valuable, as since I thought it was a fixed case, that I could not get away from here. I have often thought that, with or without a support, I will never again complain of fatigue or perplexity, as long as one neglected child remains in these streets that I can benefit by removing.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 19, 1833.

MY DEAR FRIENDS — I would have you make much of a little from your old friend Harriet, even if that little should happen to be good for nothing; for you must know it is no common occurrence for me to write to a friend. I love them, when I can get time to think of them, as well as ever; but I have scarcely written a letter since I wrote to you last year, except when positive necessity has compelled me. I know I have all the time there is, but it does not seem half enough for all I have to do. I often think I should love to have you come and see just how I live, and how others live around me; not that I think it would be very flattering to my vanity, but I used to think you good for counsel.

As you do not often hear from me, I believe I shall begin just where I closed my last letter. I was then keeping house for the sake of sustaining a day and evening school. I continued these during the winter, with no other interruption than an occasional drunken revel, which would break up the school. Three or four times, in one week, my scholars were dispersed by the cry of murder in the house. And once, in the dead of night, your friend Harriet, with all her courage, escaped from her bed with

her teeth chattering in her head with fear, and ran after the watch in her night clothes. But nobody was killed; and after going away a few days, until my nerves were quieted a little, I went back to school. The last of May I broke up house-keeping, and commenced boarding in one of the families on the Point, consisting only of a man and his wife. In just one week after I commenced boarding with them, the man died of delirium tremens. Never can I forget the horrors of that scene. I will not attempt a description, and may you never witness any thing similar to it. I will just say, that I never came as near imagining what is meant by the threatenings denounced in the Bible against the wicked. I have since continued with his widow. She is still, neat, and remarkably kind and *clever*. She is one who did not know her letters when I came here. She is very little company for me, and there is no other family in the house. This is as I wish to have it. I have no time to enjoy society, and I wish for no temptations of the kind. Was I placed in a family, where I valued the society at all, it would be like placing a hungry person in sight of food which he might not taste. During last winter, there was just enough of excitement to keep me

from knowing that I was ever fatigued. But when spring came, I found that every part of my system, physical and mental, was completely worn out. But my opportunity for rest was nothing better than the care of between seventy and eighty of the most ungovernable spirits that ever were. My little India Pointers I thought rather curious at first, but they could not hold a comparison to those who came in from off the Point. I suppose I became somewhat popular for managing unruly boys; of course, if there was one that nobody else would have in school, he was sure to be picked up and sent to me. Boys of this stamp, being sent in one after another, keep things in motion. I sometimes think of applying to the city authority for a tax to be paid to the school, for it is certainly convenient to have a depot for every vile thing that can be picked up in the south part of the city. What should you think of such a plan?

But, to return to myself, and say some pleasant things. A vacation of three weeks in September, has quite restored my health and spirits; so that I have engaged to commence a colored evening school next week, half a mile from my day school. When I wrote you last year, I was keeping school in a private house; since that,

Mr. Nicholas Brown has given a large school-house, and Mr. Thayer has moved it upon the Point. The Sabbath school is well sustained by teachers of the first order from college. And many other pleasant things I could mention. But, after all, either from unbelief or the sober dictates of my own judgment, I have some misgivings. Every thing that was novel in the beginning has passed away. The workers of iniquity have become familiar with my presence. They are a people of no fixed principle, and the whole weight of influence that can be exerted, must be brought to bear upon feeling. Go and say the most solemn things to them, and many of them will feel every word, and while that *feeling* lasts they will act. Those too, who, we really hope, have passed from death unto life, seem destitute of decided principle. While they "walk in the Spirit, they bring forth the fruits of the Spirit," but the moment good feeling declines, they have nothing to keep up the *deception* a moment. They will act directly in the face of the plainest commands of the Bible, and enjoy religion too. The children, while in school, seem to understand something about moral restraints; but the moment they are out of school, they are under the improper influence

of vicious parents, or idlers in the streets, who, in many instances, stand watching for them the moment they leave the house. I sometimes feel almost discouraged, yet I believe it wrong to indulge one feeling of the kind, farther than this. I may not, after all, act on the best plan for accomplishing good. I have not half as good an opinion of myself or my own judgment as I had one year ago. And then, again, I have found by experience, that I am just that human being that cannot bear much success. I know, in some instances, I have felt proud of the fine things that *I* have accomplished. But something must be done to save these dear children. But I must not close without saying that I enjoy many privileges, good preaching, and attend two Bible classes.

## CHAPTER III.

It was stated, at the commencement of the last chapter, that Miss Ware, during the latter part of her residence at India Point, had been quite successful in finding places in the country for the children under her care. This, in the end, became the most important part of her undertaking. The obstacles, however, which impeded her progress, in this form of benevolence, were many and serious. Her plans were frequently thwarted by the parents themselves, who sometimes recalled their children from the most desirable situations. Besides, she felt it important, in order to procure for her pupils a home in religious families, that they should have some better preparatory training than could be acquired in their present circumstances. Added to this was the fact, that India Point had been selected as the terminus of the Boston and

Providence railroad; and this would, from necessity, change the whole character of the neighborhood, and oblige her to remove her school to some other locality.

These facts seemed to indicate to Miss Ware the necessity of an entire change of her arrangements. She must soon leave India Point. Should she leave the city, or commence the same labor again in some other of its suburbs? Should she determine upon the latter course, she would be beset by the same obstacles, and find her most promising plans defeated by the perversity of parents. What she longed and prayed for was, some home where she could gather the children around her, separate them from corrupt associates, train them for usefulness, cultivate their moral nature, and then place them in situations where they might grow up in habits of usefulness.

On this subject, she, at sundry times, conversed with me. I could not but become deeply interested in her views. Here was a woman admirably qualified for the task, whose most earnest desire it was to devote her life to the work of rescuing orphan children, and children frequently more unfortunate than orphans, from almost certain destruction, and transforming

them into valuable members of society. She would have scorned a remuneration had it been offered her. All she wanted was, to do the good at any personal sacrifice. The mere opportunity of thus being useful to these friendless little ones, was, I truly believe, vastly more attractive to her than the most brilliant situation of which the mind can conceive.

It seemed to me that Divine Providence must smile on efforts dictated by a spirit so eminently Christian and self-sacrificing; and that, at any rate, the design was not to be abandoned without an effort. It happened that I was at that time engaged in the instruction of a Bible class of ladies, of various denominations of Christians, in Providence. I requested Miss Ware to attend the next meeting; and, at the close of the exercises, I stated the facts, and requested her to add such explanations as she saw fit. The persons present entered warmly into the plan, and with a cheerfulness of benevolence characteristic of the ladies of Providence, several of them at once volunteered to solicit subscriptions in behalf of the object. In a few days, between five and six hundred dollars were collected. This was abundantly sufficient for the present purpose, which was only to give the experiment a fair

trial. A small house was rented, and furnished in the cheapest manner, and the effort was thus commenced. A society was formed, and ladies of the most suitable character, from various denominations, were willing to superintend the management of the institution. Thus commenced the "Providence Children's Friend Society."

The house was soon filled to overflowing. Another, and more commodious house, was soon rented. The institution became known throughout the city, and its merits were duly appreciated. It was seen that Miss Ware possessed a remarkable talent for conducting such an establishment. To her rare capacity for instructing the young and of improving their moral nature, she added a skill in practical economy, by which every dollar was made to do all the good that a dollar could do. It was scarcely possible to conceive how so large a family could be supported at so small an expense. Yet, there was in this economy nothing approaching to penuriousness. She was one of the most generous persons I have ever known. Her children were all well fed and clothed; they were in high health, happy and joyous. The secret was, that she allowed nothing to be

wasted. Nothing was ever thrown away, while it could be put to any use, and she was peculiarly ingenious in finding a use for every thing. The children all loved her as a mother, and she felt for them more than a common parental affection.

When the second house was found inadequate to the purposes of the establishment, it was determined by some benevolent ladies and gentlemen to purchase a site where it could be permanently accommodated. A convenient house, with ample grounds, in a very pleasant part of the city, was bought by subscription, and presented to the society. Thither Miss Ware removed in the year 1836, and there she continued until her death.

Though the number of the children under her care was increased, and the means at her disposal enlarged, yet there was no change whatever in her management of the institution. She was able to receive now about fifty, and the liberality of the citizens of Providence always supplied her with whatever she needed for their support. Still, however, the same rigorous economy was observed, and the same self-denial put in practice; the same vigilant care watched over every friendless child, whether in

health or sickness ; and if there happened to be one peculiarly destitute and feeble, requiring her attention by day and by night, that one was sure to be especially beloved. The idea of labor, or fatigue, or discomfort, never seemed to enter her thoughts, if she was only relieving distress, or ministering to the welfare of these little orphans. In almost every one, she could discover some traits of peculiar interest, and if, perchance, any one of them seemed more than commonly perverse, the conviction, that if she gave him up he must go to inevitable destruction, led her to cling to him with a pertinacity that seemed to her friends almost inexplicable. The fact was, she had so often succeeded in reclaiming children of the most unpromising character, that she seemed to believe nothing was impossible, if the motives of the Gospel were kindly and perseveringly addressed to the conscience. Her success in such cases frequently astonished her friends, and testified that, even in such cases, she commonly judged wisely. The result has been, that by her exertions an institution for orphan children has been established in this city, of a most interesting character ; that it has ever held a high place in the esteem of our citizens, and promises long

to disseminate the richest blessings among the orphan children of our community.

If it be asked, What was the secret of this success? how was it, that a young woman, almost wholly unknown, and wholly destitute of means, should have been enabled to accomplish so great an amount of good? I think the answer is obvious. She acted on principles peculiar to the Gospel of Christ. She was, in the first place, sincerely and earnestly desirous to do good; and, to accomplish this purpose, was willing to make any personal sacrifice. In the next place, she put this desire into practice, by engaging in the first benevolent labor that was placed before her. She did not wait until something precisely in harmony with her intellectual tastes or social affections should present itself, but undertook the first work that her Master placed before her. Nay, she herself, rather chose the humblest and most self-denying labor, as that which would best promote her spiritual interests, and bear to her own bosom the most abiding conviction that she was laboring for God. In the next place, she commenced the labor *herself*, and was the pioneer of the whole undertaking. Instead of going about to secure aid and encouragement *before* she

began, she began *first*, and trusted that aid and support would come as they were needed. As soon as she commenced upon these principles, the providence of God sent her assistants in abundance. Every one saw that she was willing to labor herself, and do every thing in *her* power before she called for aid, and that the aid required was not for *her*, but for the *cause*. Every one was thus pleased with the opportunity of being associated with her. We all love to coöperate with an honest and earnest laborer, who is able to go alone; while we all draw back from associating with a doer of good, who, full of good intentions, and desirous of leading in a worthy enterprise, must always be fed by other men's hands, and be carried on other men's shoulders. Miss Ware was eminently a self-relying woman. She would have scorned to impose upon another one half of the labor or responsibility which she imposed upon herself. When a sacrifice was to be made, she instinctively and quietly made it herself. Her example was contagious. The same spirit was communicated to those associated with her; and thus, all making sacrifices for the cause, the cause of necessity prospered, and, in the end, she prospered with it.

In the next place, she was emphatically a woman of faith. By this I do not of course mean merely a believer in Christ, but something more. She received, as I have before remarked, the promises of the Gospel as the assurances of a kind and ever watchful Parent, on which she might rely in every time of need. She obeyed literally the command, "Be ye careful for nothing, but, in every thing, by prayer and supplication, make your wants known unto God." Conscious that she was doing not her own work, but the work of God, that her motive was not to please herself, but to please Him, she felt that she might rely with confidence upon Him under every circumstance into which the path of duty might conduct her. Hence she commenced and prosecuted, and terminated her designs in prayer. From God she sought counsel in deciding what she should undertake, how she should undertake and prosecute it, and to Him alone she ascribed all the praise of its success. When she needed aid, she applied to God before she applied to man, and very frequently she found that the former application rendered the latter unnecessary; for, either while she was yet speaking the answer was received, or else, the hearts of her friends

were so directed, that she had only to mention the subject, and the needful aid was afforded. She did not often mention such things, lest she should seem to boast of her piety, which she above all things abhorred; yet, it was evident from the whole tenor of her conversation, that her memory was filled with them. Many of these instances she had I believe recorded, as an encouragement to others, when, from the fear that it might be otherwise interpreted, she committed the manuscript to the flames.

In the year 1845, or perhaps the year preceding, the first symptoms appeared of that malady which at last proved fatal. Her mother had died of cancer, and she seems to have inherited a tendency to the same disorder. In the hope of arresting its progress, and thus enabling herself to devote a little more of life to her orphans, she submitted to two surgical operations, but without ultimate success. It was while absent from home for medical treatment, that several of the letters in the present chapter were written. They exhibit in a clear light the strongly marked elements of her character, and show, that, under all circumstances, the Lord was her support and her salvation.

The disease at last became seated in the

internal viscera, where it was beyond the reach of human aid. She at first dreaded the intense pain to which patients in this complaint are frequently subjected. In this respect, however, her prayer was heard, and her suffering was far less than she had feared. She had but little pain, strictly so called, but a sort of indescribable nervous restlessness, that was at times almost intolerable. The pain she considered to be controlled by homœopathic remedies; while the restlessness was greatly relieved by the use of cold water. "When I find this restlessness coming on," said she, "I dip a sheet in cold water, wrap myself in it, and lie down and sleep like an infant. I always keep a bowl of water at my bedside for this purpose."

It was during this gradual decline of her strength, that most of the following letters were written. She was enabled to take short excursions during the summer, and also inquire by letter concerning the welfare of her orphans. But, as her strength failed, she confined her efforts to the house, assisting in every labor to which her physical power was competent. It was a sore trial to her to feel that she could do nothing more, but this trial was not imposed upon her until a few days before her death. I

have, however, prolonged this introductory notice of a chapter far beyond my intention, and it is time to bring it to a close.

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Wells, August 26, 1845.

I know not whether you have kept any track of your old friend, but I shall venture to conclude you have not, and give you a brief history of myself for the last fifteen or sixteen years, when, as near as I can remember, I wrote you from Hopkinton, where I was then teaching school.

In the spring of 1832, I received a letter from a friend in Providence, describing the situation of a destitute and degraded neighborhood in the south part of the city, where the parents, grandparents and children, with but few exceptions, could not read, and had never received religious instruction. She thought that if a school could be established there, good might be done, and had no doubt but the "School and Tract Society" would render needed assistance. It struck me at once as being the place for me, as I had always wished that I was fit to be, if nothing more, "a drawer of water" among the heathen; but ever felt

that I was neither worth sending nor going by myself. Accordingly, about the middle of April, I left Hopkinton and went to Providence. But when I came to consult those whose approbation I thought necessary, I found the object was too unpopular to meet with an encouraging word, except from one Christian woman. Of course I must go to work on my own responsibility, or not at all. I succeeded in obtaining a room in a house occupied by three miserable drunken families, the only one I could find, and the first week in May commenced my school. Mr. Phillips, the Baptist minister, nearest to the school, and the Sabbath School agent, treated me with kindness and attention. Most others regarded me as little less degraded than the neighborhood where I had chosen to fix my habitation. My school prospered, a Sabbath school was organized the first Sabbath, but nobody would assist in teaching, till after two months had passed away, the wife of the president, and of one of the professors in college, called on me. Mrs. W., when she left, put some money into my hands, saying her husband wished to see me for something in particular, and wished I would call; I did so soon after, and was received with the greatest kindness, and an offer of

assistance in any way I might require. From that time I was liberally supplied with teachers from the college; of course the current was turned, and popularity was the enemy to be feared. God, however, in great mercy, poured out His spirit, and some, I have still great reason to hope, were adopted into the family of Christ.

The next winter, I had an evening school, attended by men and women, some of whom were more than fifty years of age, who learned to read and write. It has interested me exceedingly to learn, that three years ago in a revival, many heads of families, who learned the alphabet at that school, were converted, and now read the Bible in their families. There was much that was interesting, during the three years I remained there, which I now record in memory, as belonging to the most eventful period of my life. I very soon became convinced that where children were exposed to the very worst influence from vile and drunken parents at home, but little could be done in school to train them to become good and industrious citizens; and succeeded in persuading most of the parents to let their children go to good places in the country. But, as the parents retained a legal right to recall their

children, they would often do it. Other efforts made in various ways and by various societies, for the benefit of the children of the poor and vile, were found to fail of securing fixed habits of industry, and an influence favorable to their present and future good. While at India Point, for there was the eventful spot, I often found myself rearing my Babylon of straw, which would always be in the form of a great house, where I was living with poor children, entirely independent of their vile parents. Little did I then think, when roused from my reveries, what God in his wise and merciful Providence was preparing.

Some time in the summer of 1835, I ventured to talk with Dr. W. about the obstacles in the way of accomplishing much towards making good citizens of the class of children for whom so much had been done. It seemed that his own mind had been dwelling on the same subject, and at once the plan was projected of something like an asylum for unprotected children. It was soon named to a few others, and when presented to the public, it seemed that the public mind was prepared to hail it. Dr. W. named it to a Bible class of ladies, under his care, and they volunteered to make collections sufficient to warrant a beginning by way

of experiment. Between five and six hundred dollars were raised, and the first Tuesday in October, several ladies met together, formed a society, and adopted a constitution previously drawn up, by the name of the Providence Children's Friend's Society. The first day of November I commenced house-keeping, with one little boy, in a small tenement for which we paid but fifty dollars rent. This was commenced simply as an experiment; and, notwithstanding my sanguine temperament, I rather expected it would fail than succeed. I will not enter into detail, but suffice it to say, we were able to add to our tenement in the spring, so that we paid eighty dollars; yet before the close of the year, our family increased so, that we were obliged to spread six beds on the floor at night, for want of room to set up bedsteads. The next November we moved into a larger house with thirty-four children. Towards the close of that year, a large, convenient house, with gardens and sufficient play-ground, was purchased in the west part of the city. The location is elevated and healthy, and the prospect of almost the whole city delightful.

Our tenth year is almost completed, and as we look back upon all the way which our God has

led us, we can but exclaim with joy and gratitude, surely goodness and mercy have followed us every step of the way. You will not infer that we have had no trials, that no clouds have gathered over us, thick and dark, threatening to destroy us. Oh, no! God has been too merciful to allow us to be ruined with prosperity. But I believe He has given us as much success as we could possibly bear. Our bread and our water has not failed, and never for a moment have I believed that He who feeds the ravens, has ever sent us a child to be *starved.* We have never known the want of kind and efficient friends, whose sympathy and counsel has been exceedingly valuable. For three years previous to this, our family of children has averaged forty-seven. About ninety who have been legally adopted into the family, are now provided with good homes, and are learning to earn their living, or rather are earning it. About half that number have also been thus provided for, who were never adopted into the family. The present prospects of these children are generally as good as those of the children of our most respectable citizens.

One more circumstance that has contributed much to my essential happiness, is, that a friend

that I loved very much, and who had contributed much to my help and comfort at India Point, called on me the first day I commenced house-keeping, without intending to remain, but has never yet left me. She has proved an invaluable assistant to me; I think I love her more than I ever loved any other being of earth. Thus you see God has richly provided employment, comfortable support, and probably more enjoyment than I could have had in almost any other situation.

You recollect, my dear C., something of my uniform good health. Up to the present time I have enjoyed an usual share of that blessing. The first five years in our family, I was obliged to keep myself so constantly fatigued for the want of suitable help, that I suffered much for the time being; but when I was not obliged to labor so hard, found my constitution unimpaired. My *general health* is now good, but for three years past I have suffered from a local disease, similar to my mother's, and am now under a course of treatment for it. * * * *

I will close this long letter with acknowledging the great goodness of my God and Saviour towards me as a sinner — I hope a renewed sinner. You know I have long professed to

be a disciple of Christ. I can now look back over the twenty-four years since I united with the church, and see many green spots, where I have been brought to feel that I knew something of the import of perfect peace, but have generally felt that my religion was rather speculative and intellectual, than spiritual. I have always loved the doctrine of a universal and particular Providence; and in a multitude of dark and trying circumstances incident to my peculiar situation, I have rejoiced that I could stand upon the immovable rock, and say, "Thou, O God, doest it, therefore I should be dumb, and open not my mouth." Yet much of the time, I have been worldly in my affections. The fact is, I have not had enough of Christ in my religion, to keep it warm and active. But let me say to the praise of free, rich, sovereign grace, that the blessed Saviour has, for a few years past, been gradually leading me to a better acquaintance with himself. I think I am not deceived in believing that I know something of his precious love. I would love to tell you that I have found sustaining efficacy, in view of suffering and death, in the precious name of Christ my Saviour. Yes, precious name, God, Man, Mediator, but I cannot write more now.

PROVIDENCE, AUGUST 26, 1842.

I WANT to tell you, but I cannot, how infinitely good God has been to me. I should love to tell you how exceedingly precious Christ has appeared to me. I have always believed in Him as having died for sin eighteen hundred years ago, and gone away into heaven; and sometimes have rejoiced in him as an Intercessor at the right hand of the Father. But this is not the blessedness of knowing him as a present Saviour. I dare not say much, but if I am not deceived, I have been enabled to pray that you and myself, with all the redeemed, may have the daily experience of the fifteenth chapter of John. You will smile, I suppose, if I quote from Mr. ——, but he one day said to me that there were three baptisms; first, being baptized unto Moses in the *cloud;* next, John's baptism unto repentance; and lastly, there was such a thing as being baptized unto Christ. I have certainly had the first, I believe the second, and I do now *desire*, at least, to be baptized *into the fullness of Christ.* Dear M., take hold of the strength of the omnipotent Saviour. Rejoice exceedingly, that you may consecrate your entire being to Him who died for us, that from henceforth we should not live unto ourselves.

SALEM, APRIL 4, 1845.

I THINK I love to feel that all is perfectly understood by Him, who sees the end from the beginning. I know most assuredly, and if I am not deceived, I rejoice in the assurance, that the holy, wise and good purposes of God correspond in perfect exactness with his providential dealings with me. The hair and the sparrow in my affairs will not be regarded with indifference by my Father God. O! the condescension of our heavenly Father. Let those who will, sweep the purposes of God and his universal providence from, — from what? — from their creeds and their hearts; for from the *immutable, unerring Word*, they cannot. It *there* stands out in bold relief, a link in the golden chain, a precious link, which, if removed, would leave us but a broken fragment. Dear Miss G., I have had leisure to think, and I love to think of that beautiful, perfect system of truth and doctrine revealed in the Bible, all profitable for our instruction in righteousness. I think that system is comprised in our articles of faith. A beautiful and perfect whole, who shall dare to lay his hand upon it, to mutilate or deform it? A brother called on me, just before I left, and asked "If I dared to stand

alone against so many, in whose wisdom and piety I had so much confidence?" Yes, *unhesitatingly*, yes! I would stand alone against ten thousand *better* than myself, and in that thing I would be stronger than the whole of them.

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SALEM, APRIL 30, 1845.

YOUR welcome, doubly welcome letter was received yesterday, while at brother E.'s. I would have answered it the same hour if I could. I did not think you would write till John was away, and I hardly wished you to, for I could feel no interest in any thing else, neither could I feel any interest in writing even to you, for I could think best in connection with him. O, I feel so happy, that I cannot keep from *howling*, as you say, for gratitude. How delightful to think, that that same Being, who has from time to time melted his obduracy and warmed his heart with tender and generous affections, and especially who so signally manifested his goodness in every circumstance connected with his leaving us, has his heart in his hand, and can, and I believe *will*, bring him to

himself. We shall, of course, have very many anxious hours about him, but we will not forget who holds the winds in his fist, and says to the stormy billows, peace, be still. My dear E., you will, won't you, speak a word for the goodness of God in view of his kind providence ?

Could the whole concern be put into my hands or yours, I think I would not be willing. I do feel I am in the best of hands. The doctrine of a universal Providence was never more precious to me than now. I only want to be more humble, more penitent, more broken-hearted, that I may more and more see the transcendent excellence, beauty and glory of Christ, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. I hope I have some present evidence of loving him as God, man, mediator, as prophet, priest and king ; but know and feel that my spiritual vision is greatly blinded by reason of sin. It is matter of almost constant wonder, that the patience of infinite forbearance itself has not become exhausted. Surely the mercy of God in Christ is infinite — infinite love, love that loved us while enemies. I know our time for writing, or talking, or making our own calling and election sure, will soon be over. Let us improve the present.

May ——. — You will probably receive this on board-meeting day. Remember me very affectionately to every member present. Tell them I appreciate all their kindness, and love to feel that they will have patience with my long absence. I feel that I am *away* from *home*, but my thoughts of *home*, and those who, for so many years, have done so much to render it a *pleasant home*, are among my sweetest thoughts of earth.

May 30.—I can never think of staying away from home so long; the thought of it will keep me homesick all the time. I don't know what to do. I am afraid if I should decide upon such a long campaign, that I should be out of patience myself, and think, after all, I had been foolish; and then what should I do, if the board should get out of patience? I can't expect them to wait forever; and certainly I should much rather my life should be shortened than protracted, if I am not to think of that dear spot, with all its loved associations as home. I know I am just now very much under the impulse of feeling, and it rather seems to me I don't feel quite right. I *have* thought I was following the leadings of Providence, and was

in the way of my duty, and that I was willing, and should love to put a blank into the hand of my Father in heaven, for him to fill, just as *his own* wisdom (not mine) and goodness should direct. But really this does not look much like it. I know if I commit my way to the Lord, my goings will be established. I know that, by creation and preservation, I belong to God as his rightful property, and if he has made me his by regeneration and adoption, why should I set up for myself? The Lord humble and forgive me for my distrust, impatience, and above all, ingratitude. If the Lord hath further need of me, with you, my dearest E., in that long loved and cherished home, in the midst of those I love, yes, I can truly say, the objects of my *warmest affections*, he will certainly return me to the spot, at the very moment I am needed; and if he gives me the signal, very gladly will I make haste.

June 7.—Now about my coming home. It seems to me that I was nearer right in my calculations than the doctor, for I think I can see an improvement since I came from Boston last week; but I guess the secret, after all, is to be willing, I mean more than just willing, that

God should make his own appointments, instead of our making them for him. Let us rather pray, that God would not withdraw his hand until this dispensation of providence has had the effect which it ought, and will have, if rightly improved, upon both of us. The Lord preserve me from ever thinking again (as I have often been tempted to do) that he hath *use* of *me*. If a desire to be useful has any thing to do with my strong desire to be at home, let it satisfy me that God chooses I should do my duty in the place and circumstances in which he sees best to keep me, and I am satisfied this ought to be very much with my own heart. The prayer of David, I believe, ought to be mine. "Search me and know my heart;" that is, cause me to know it. "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." God has sometimes given me great freedom in praying for you and our loved ones at home; especially our older children, and the girls in particular. If I might constantly feel to plead with God in prayer and faith, I should think it well worth while to be kept tied up for some time longer.

June 14.—Certainly we have continued proof of the kind interposition of Providence in be-

half of our family, as well as ourselves. God does watch over us for good, and we should be most ungrateful not to acknowledge it, not in in words only, but in heart and life.

Sunday Evening. — I can hardly refrain from adding a few lines to this sheet this evening. Heard Mr. Worcester preach this morning from the text, "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness," &c.; a sermon probably occasioned by the death of a young lady in his parish. I have seldom realized as vividly the sundering of the dearest and sweetest ties of earth; and the thought, that so many that I *love* with the warmest affection, are giving no evidence of a preparation for heaven, seems completely overwhelming.

Dearest E., do not your thoughts dwell with delightful interest upon the surpassing tenderness of a Saviour's love? Think of the height and depth, and length and breadth, of the love of Christ! O no, we cannot begin to think; but, dear E., we can see, that if our sins were a thousand to one, and our hearts a thousand times more hard and proud and obstinate than they are, it would not, all combined, form the fraction of an obstacle in the way of going with

all to Christ, to be humbled, subdued, melted and made white, fitted for the exalted service of God and the Lamb.

I suppose about this time our dear children are singing their evening hymn. I would give more to hear them sing their hymns that they usually sing on Sabbath eve, than all the music I have ever heard or ever shall in S. I have thought, in connection with their singing and other things, of dear little Margaret. Have the children sung her hymn to-day? I seem to know she sings it now, "in sweeter notes than angels use." If you are not here next Sabbath, let me feel that at half past six o'clock, P. M. our children will sing Margaret's hymn.

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SALEM, JULY 28.

I HOPE you have not been anxious about me on account of a little delay. I know you are too anxious, and wish you would try to remember that you and I, with all we most dearly love, are just as much the objects of the kind care of our Heavenly Father, as if he had none but us to care for.

Salem, May 5, 1845.

And now let me say a word, which I wish may become one pleasant subject of our daily thoughts, and that it may have its proper influence over the remnant of our lives. It is that we both familiarize ourselves with the subject of death. Not of death in general, but of our individual separation from this world, and entrance into another. We both well know this subject can be cheerful, only as we look at it in connection with Christ, God, Man, Mediator.

I am a miracle of wonder to myself. I wonder how I can see all this, (as I seem to see it, through a glass, very darkly indeed,) and not feel my whole soul on fire. Yet this is so far from being the case, that I fear exceedingly lest I should become as worldly as ever. I need an overcoming, abiding faith in Christ, and without it I know I can do nothing. I think my hold on life is greatly loosened, if not broken.

I desire that we both may be very thankful for these gentle, yet emphatic warnings, of what at farthest cannot be far from me. Surely I cannot be taken by surprise, without criminal forgetfulness on my own part. Dearest, shall we not learn to contemplate death as our friend and restorer, and not as an enemy to be feared?

SALEM, AUGUST 3, 1845.

IT will be board-meeting Tuesday. Give my best love to the ladies of the board; I shall think of them at that hour, and if they have a petition to offer for me, be it that I may be more like Christ. It has been among my sweetest thoughts, that my God and Saviour was truly man. That he, not only as God, knew our frailty and infirmities, but, as man, has known them by experience. There is sustaining efficacy in full belief that the Saviour sympathizes with us in our deepest sufferings; that he is touched with the feelings of our infirmities, as nothing short of infinite tenderness and love, united with experience, could do. Infinite indeed is that love, that would stoop from the highest throne in heaven, and, for the sake of vile creatures like us, take upon himself a body like ours, and after enduring every variety of suffering, offer it, once for all, a sacrifice for our sins, that God might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.

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WELLS, SEPT. 1, 1845.

THINK of the amazing sacrifice of leaving his throne, being born of a woman, in a man-

ger, a human body, and rational soul, heir to every variety of physical and mental suffering, in his whole life fulfilling the perfect law of love to God and man, ever doing good to the souls and bodies of men, sympathizing with the afflicted, so gentle and kind that even little children were not afraid to approach him. O, what infinite condescension! He knew our ignorance, weakness, and blindness, and how difficult it is, in our fallen state, to form right conceptions of the great God; and therefore, in our own form and nature, he manifested the perfect mind and spirit of Him, who says He is Love. And all this was but a prelude to his dying agony, and dying prayer. And then think of both the promise and fulfilment of the spirit, to all who would ask for its influences. This kind and gentle spirit does take the things of Christ, and show them to all who will see Jesus. And now the merciful assurance, that he not only lives a merciful High Priest, to sympathize with the afflicted, support the weak and trembling, and succor the tempted, but is an all-prevalent Intercessor for all who will commit their cause to him.

WELLS, SEPT. 5, 1845.

MY DEAR FRIEND — How much I love you, and thank you too, for your generosity and kindness, bestowed upon a poor, worthless, inefficient friend, sinful, liable to change, and who at best, may and will drop out of your sight at any moment when this same God and Saviour, whom you neglect, shall speak the word. The same kind of affection and confidence you bestow upon one so unworthy, just transfer to Him, and all will be well. You will not love me the less, nor I you. What you say of his being beyond the utmost stretch of your dark vision, is all right. But, dear ——, you must neither be afraid to sit humbly at his feet, or lie quietly in his arms. If you can't see, he can, and that is enough. Just trust yourself to him, and you have nothing to fear. I have just read a beautiful sentiment in Phillips's "Love of the Spirit," viz. "That the spirit does not testify of itself, nor of you, but of Christ."

Your kind advice for me to remain, might tempt me, but I want to be at home too much to be tempted even by that. And then I do not need farther quiet to restore health, for I think it is restored; not but what I think I have

been deceived about my strength, and I now think Monday would have been a little too soon; but next Monday will be exactly right. And then, again, what do you think the Lord has been so signally gracious to me, both physically, socially, and spiritually, for? Is it to be set up for all my friends to pay tribute to, that I may enjoy myself; or to come, or rather go to my long loved and cherished home, to live with you and the dear children whom I love as my own life?

And now, a word for dear little M. I am afraid, if it is not all over with her now, it will be before I get home. Do you tell her any thing about the Saviour, and how she must give herself to him, and how he will love to receive and bless her, and make her happy if she will?

Dear little R——, I love her for the associations; but how thankful should we be that she is removed beyond the reach of the chilling blasts of this cold world, or any of the debasing influences of earth.

I am more and more satisfied, I am certain, that there is a meaning in the promises of God, and Christ, in the assurances of his love and faithfulness, that we shall find has indeed been but *poorly* expressed, even in the language of

the Bible, and more poorly understood, and yet more poorly believed and trusted. It is not so strange, that we should be tempted to doubt whether we can be loved by a Being of infinite purity; and it would seem that to meet those reasonable doubts, he has not only multiplied assurances to an almost infinite extent, but has given pledges and earnests, as though he would not require credit to be given to simple testimony of *truth* itself. Strange that He should love us, but infinitely stranger that we do not love Him, though our own souls should sink to ruin as we deserve. Truly it is said, God is love. O, I seem to know, I am not mistaken in this, that "while we were yet sinners, *Christ died* for us."

"Amazing pity, grace unknown, and love beyond degree."

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PROVIDENCE, FEB. 7, 1846.

IT is my candid opinion that I am henceforth to regard myself as a minute man, liable to be called for at a very short notice. Dear M., I cannot write as would be natural to a loved one, without being much overcome, my nerves are so weak. But we will be thankful that I can

think, and talk and write with calmness and pleasure, of a beautiful city but just before us, "that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," *our* God, in whom we confidently trust. I have never felt as much elated as some of whom I have read and heard, but thanks, everlasting thanks, to free, rich, sovereign grace, that I have enjoyed a calm, steady peace, an unshaken confidence in the perfections of God. I have been able to contemplate with delightful interest, that system of old-fashioned doctrines, to which we used to listen in our younger years, and they seem to flow as naturally from the perfections of God, as water from a spring.

On this point, let me ever be understood as placing Christ where divine sovereignty used to be placed in our early instructions. I love to look back upon this pleasant world, with which I thought I had done. At no hour of my life did I ever more fully believe than now, that "the whole earth is full of *thy* glory." I love my long-loved friend, — in short, I love to live; and if one's sympathies and interests are with Christ, I know not why an angel might not covet the facilities that are every where presented for *doing good.*

WESTERLY, Nov. 26, 1846.

ON this thanksgiving morning, I hardly know how to enjoy being separated from my own dear home. So wonderful has been the goodness of God towards us as a family, and towards me in particular, the past year, that in the midst of our family group, I would most love to acknowledge our obligation of gratitude, and devotion of heart and life to the God that made us and the Saviour that redeemed us. Three that we loved, and who shared in this last annual festival with us, are now entered upon their unchanging state, and with the dear babe we so tenderly loved, are very distinctly in my mind and heart. I cannot save myself the query, Who will be among the missing at our next thanksgiving? How very desirable that we should all feel the importance of being in preparation ourselves, and doing all we can, that others should be prepared to join in the unceasing song of praise to the Lamb that was slain, that we might live. I wonder not half as much at the stupidity of all the world beside, as at my own wordly spirit. When shall I learn to "overcome the world?"

I find my old friends a little scattered, and am certainly humbled at the deep feeling they

manifest. They say they never expected to see me again, and seem to feel that all who were ever my friends or pupils, will feel grieved and wounded, if I do not, at least, give them the opportunity to come where I may be found. Nobody seems to expect that I shall take much trouble to go anywhere, but they will go anywhere to see me. I, of course, feel that this is my last visit, and if I leave Hopkinton next week, I shall do well.

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The first of the following notices of Miss Ware's last illness, has been furnished by a lady who had been for many years her constant associate and intimate friend; and the second by Amos C. Barstow, Esq., who saw her frequently during her illness:

The dangerous illness with which Miss Ware was afflicted, two years previous to her decease, had impressed her with the abiding conviction, that death could not be far from her. She was, from that period, constantly preparing for a summons to that world in which she had laid up such rich treasures. She considered the prolonging of her life, after that critical period, as

an answer to *prayer*. She had, at that time, an anxious desire to live to see the accomplishment of a cherished plan in regard to the institution, in whose interests her whole heart had entered. The building was too contracted and inconvenient, for the well-being of the large family it was required to contain. To have it enlarged, with ample accommodations for bathing, and a convenient school-room, was her earnest desire. A generous public readily acceded to it, and it had scarcely been completed, ere its noble-minded projector was again confined to her own apartment, which she never left, till she was removed from it to the repose of the grave.

The last time she met with the family, was on a Sabbath afternoon, seven weeks previous to her decease. It was her custom, at that time, to give the children instruction on religious subjects. They had been studying the Assembly's Catechism, and the topic of consideration that day was the doctrine of election, one peculiarly precious to her. She gave a simple explanation of it to the little group, and then, with great tenderness and earnestness, addressed the older ones, urging them now to make their "calling and election sure." It was a most solemn and precious season, although we did not anticipate

it would be the last time we thus should meet. She did not suffer much pain until the last days of her life. Her mind was clear and active till the close. She requested to have her grave clothes purchased, and sent for a person to come and sit in her room while they were made. Every arrangement for the interests of the family, that it was in her power to make, was calmly and intelligently imparted to the ladies of the board who saw her. She had so perfectly prepared for her anticipated decease, that she seemed in these last weeks of her life to have but little to do, but patiently await the event. When asked if she had no counsels to give to the older members of the family, she replied, "I believe I have said all that I could to them."

She had but one anxiety to disturb her perfect peace of mind, and that was, the provision of a home for the little girl she had adopted, and when a letter arrived from a beloved friend, assenting to her request to receive her into her family, she seemed to feel that every wish was gratified. Her constant theme was the goodness of God; God had been so good to her in permitting her to see all her plans completed, was the constantly recurring thought.

She had suffered much anxiety in relation to the form her disease might assume, lest she should become repulsive to her friends; and on finding that it was to be wholly of an internal character, such was the relief to her mind, that her gratitude for the kindness of her Heavenly Father, in thus dissipating her fears, seemed unbounded. It was manifested in every word, in every look. It did indeed seem as if her every prayer was answered. The 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters of John, were the favorite portions of Scripture which she often wished to hear when she was too feeble to peruse them herself.

The last day was one of much suffering; she frequently wished to be moved, but forbore manifesting the desire, for fear of injuring her friends by receiving their aid in lifting her. Her thoughts were, as ever, of others more than of herself.

I cannot venture, however, to give any farther account of the last hours of my friend, although every moment of them is indelibly engraved on my memory. There are others, who I doubt not will give a faithful record of them. My last interview with Miss Ware was but a few days before her death. I found her in a state

of great bodily weakness. She was sitting in an arm-chair, in a reclining posture, which was about the only one which the nature of her maladies would allow her to take.

All who ever made her acquaintance, were doubtless more or less impressed with the *thought*, that she was a remarkable *woman;* but here, peculiarly, in this "chamber where she met her fate," all who were admitted were deeply impressed with the *fact*, that she was a remarkable *Christian.* Her intimate friends did not need the testimony of that strong and abiding faith in God, which was drawn from her closing hours. She had borne this testimony amid life's busiest scenes, and in its most active duties. But if the evidence *before* seemed full and satisfactory, *now*, to me, it seemed complete, overwhelming. She was about to enter the "dark valley." The grave stood open before her, and the vesture, in which she was to enter it, was all prepared.

She spoke to me "of the decease which she should accomplish," with the greatest composure and resignation. "I feel," said she, "that my work on earth is done. I have been brought very low under the power of disease before this, but never before could I feel that my hour had

come. There was always some object to be accomplished, which lay near my heart, and seemed to demand my efforts. But now I feel that all my work is done. God has been very kind, to spare me until every earthly wish and desire is satisfied. This house was formerly too strait for us, and I longed for *just such* an enlargement as has recently been made. Now, it is just as I would have it, commodious, comfortable, convenient. Then again, I am at home, surrounded by the dear objects of my affection, and enabled to give them my parting counsels, and blessing."

Here she enlarged upon several matters pertaining to the family, with much satisfaction. She spoke, also, of the Zion of God on earth, and her relations thereto; naming several matters, in reference to which she had felt a strong concern, which now seemed settled just as she could desire. In fact there was no earthly thing, on which she had of late set her heart, but what God had allowed her to live to see accomplished. She knew not why it was. She was an unprofitable servant, and deserved not the least favor, and yet her cup of blessing was filled to the brim. Then turning her eyes, now glistening with deep emotion, toward

heaven, she blessed the worthy name of Jesus, for whose sake, and through whose blood, she had become a partaker of these blessings.

Never did I see her so calm and serene, never so heavenly and sublime. Under similar circumstances, with most Christians, it might have been my duty to soothe, cheer, strengthen or comfort the soul in this hour of trial. But with her nothing like this was needed. I seemed as in some heavenly presence, and could only sit and listen to the low and gentle, yet distinct breathings of a soul already pinioned for the skies. Her mind was remarkably clear, and the facility with which she turned from one subject to another, until she had finished all that she had to say to me, (and it seemed as much as her exhausted nature would allow,) was wonderful. Her friendly counsels to myself in regard to personal piety, enforced by her own reflections upon her own past life, while now in full view of death, I trust will never be forgotten. I listened, wondered and admired. Truly "the chamber where the good man meets his fate, is privileged above the common walks of virtuous life, near to the gates of heaven." I prayed with her, and rising to depart, took her emaciated hand in mine. As I gazed for the last time

on that strikingly intelligent and benevolent countenance, now irradiated with beams from a better world, my emotions choked the utterance of a last farewell, and I turned away, desiring that my last end might be like hers.

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I AM happy at the close of this brief memoir, to introduce the following letter from Amos Perry, Esq., the highly esteemed principal of one of the grammar schools of this city. Mr. Perry residing in the vicinity of the house of the Children's Friend Society, and being deeply interested in the welfare of the institution, was often able, by his counsel and influence, to render important aid to Miss Ware and her associates. During the latter part of her life, especially, he saw her very frequently, and, at the request of some of the members of the board, has kindly consented to furnish the following interesting communication.

PROVIDENCE, FEB. 28, 1849.

DEAR SIR — I take pleasure in giving you my view of Miss Ware's character, and in stating such anecdotes and incidents within my knowledge, as may serve to illustrate it.

I received from Miss Ware, in familiar conversation, at different times, detached accounts of her early days. They are instructive, as indicating the way in which her character was formed. Her parents were Puritanic in their habits, and modes of thought and action. They exercised a strict and watchful discipline over their children. Luxury and effeminacy met with poor encouragement within their door. Industry, economy, sobriety and order, were fostered with religious care. Their children had the benefit of the district school as it then was, taught three months in the summer by a female, and three in the winter by a male teacher.

The germs of the future Harriet Ware were at an early day visible. The girl showed the woman she aspired to be. She entered with a generous enthusiasm into whatever engaged her attention, whether study, work or play. Her character was of natural growth. Her developments were regular and progressive. She formed habits, and adopted principles, whose influence and power were more fully exhibited in her later years. She taxed her ingenuity, and, by the exercise of patience and perseverance, prepared herself to overcome obstacles

and rise above discouragements. The great secret of her success in life, if secret it may be called, was her reserved energy. She aimed to put herself in readiness to meet any emergency. Instead of slumbering till the bridegroom came, she laid in store her oil, and could not be taken by surprise. Endowed with solid, rather than brilliant powers, she could not make satisfactory improvement, while attending school, without continued and earnest effort. This effort she put forth at the regular hours of study, and when all nature was hushed in repose. At twelve and one o'clock at night, Harriet might frequently be seen stealthily poring over her lessons by the dim light of a pine bough or of birch bark, which she had laid aside for this purpose.

I have heard her repeatedly express her gratitude for the restraints and wholesome influences of the home and the school. For these institutions she ever cherished the most sacred regard. In them she learned those lessons of submission and quiet duty, which made her submission to God and divine truth the more easy and natural. Her various home and school studies and exercises, helped to prepare her for the sublimer studies and exercises of the spiritual

kingdom. Looking upon the divine works, enabled her to look with the more interest and pleasure upon the divine hand and character. God was revealed to her awe-struck soul in all his majesty, power, and goodness. She who had before viewed herself chiefly in her relations to her parents, teachers, and friends, saw herself related to a higher Parent, a higher Teacher, and a higher Friend. She bowed in submission, and sought instruction at the heavenly throne. Like Mary of old, she sat at the feet of Jesus, and learned of him. Prayer was the attitude of her soul, and Christ was her song. Though not called, like Samuel, to a peculiar, ceremonial service, she received at one period of her life (I believe at this), an indefinite, indescribable impression that she had a peculiar mission to perform. She understood not what this mission was. It might be to carry the Gospel to heathen lands. She cherished this feeling as a premonition of her destiny, and it was not without influence on her life. She had, however, a definite *aim*, which was to be useful. When her way was plain, she earnestly pressed forward in it, and when it was dark, she still moved on, trusting to the leadings of God's providence.

An anecdote will here serve to illustrate the practical character and tact which she early exhibited, and for which she was in later times distinguished. The human hand then performed much labor which is now committed to the machine. Harriet threw the shuttle, and wove as expeditiously as the most skilful, while her sisters, for whose habits of industry she felt the utmost solicitude, rolled the bobbins. While engaged in this employment, she would often perform an extraordinary amount of labor to bring out the desired effort on their part.

Some years passed by, and Harriet, at an early age, became the teacher of a district school. Here her varied powers found ample room for exercise. She strove to improve alike herself and her pupils. She entered upon her duties with the same genial, resolute spirit, which characterized all her undertakings. Finding in her school a number of large boys, whose attainments in arithmetic were quite equal to her own, she applied herself with great assiduity and perseverance to study. She sought not only to solve every problem in advance of her pupils, but to understand and be able to explain the way in which she arrived at her results, and the reason for each succes-

sive step in her process. Her success in teaching arithmetic was signal; and in all her duties as teacher, she earned and acquired a reputation which is oftener *desired* than *deserved*. She cultivated the intellects of her pupils, without neglecting their moral characters. She instructed them in the rudiments of learning, and at the same time brought to bear on their hearts and lives all the elevating influences at her command. She breathed into them a spirit and energy, and conferred upon them benefits, which they are not backward now in acknowledging.

Being a dutiful child, Miss Ware regarded as intimately connected with being a dutiful scholar; and being a good scholar, as a step towards becoming a good teacher; and being a good teacher, as an important preparation for the other duties and responsibilities of life. This is a condensed view of Miss Ware's life. She made the discharge of each duty a preparation for another. This was a fixed plan of life with her. This was her idea of Christian philosophy. She attributed all her success, such as it was, to the power of the principles and truths which she embraced and maintained, and which, in their turn, embraced and sus-

tained her. Thus, in an important light, she considered herself an instrument in God's hands, which, she allowed, had wrought some good. "But to God belongs the praise; for he has given me my life, and been my sun and shield. I have but walked by His strength, in the path which He has pointed out. The Lord reigns. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Such was her prevailing spirit and tone of feeling. She dwelt with peculiar pleasure and with rapturous delight on the sovereignty of God. The words of the Psalmist often served her as a medium of expression.

Love of truth was, I think, a prominent trait in her character. She sought the truth and labored for its promotion, because she loved it, and had faith in its power and efficacy. Truth was in her mind not only the antithesis of error, but the cure and preventive of evil. It was God's instrument, by which to effect good. Without it, man is in worse than midnight darkness. With it, heaven and earth are radiant with beauty and loveliness. He who has truth will exhibit its power in his life. It will root out evil affections, and destroy the strong-holds of Satan. It will bring back peace and good will among men. It will make man at one with

himself. This was her view of God's inspired, all-inspiring truth, and where she saw not these results, she did not believe that the truth existed, or she believed that it was held in unrighteousness. She looked for branches on the sound and vigorous trunk, and for fruit on the thrifty branches.

Lying, was her detestation. A thief she could pity or despise; but a liar was almost beneath her contempt. Numerous were her ways of playing off her troublesome humor and pleasantry on those people, who, by dint of lying and equivocation, overreached her in trade. They must be called into her house the next time they came along, and be seated where she could give them *special* attention. And there she kept them, (though they were always in a hurry,) and hectored them, and goaded them with her keen satire, provoking irony, and touching appeals to their honor and conscience, until they were moved by despair, shame, or some higher impulse, to acknowledge their falsity, and promise amendment in their conduct. They usually earned all the advantage they gained over her by unfair dealing. They had to endure the humiliation and mortification of seeing their own little and belittling spirit and

action brought into *striking* contrast with her elevated sentiment and dignified bearing.

Her manner of deliberating and of arriving at definite decisions, on important questions, may serve as an index to her character. She was in the habit of proposing such questions as these, — "Is it true? Is it right? Is it duty?" She conversed freely with those around her, who might throw light on her mind, and then she reserved her final decision for a season of prayer and communion with God. After this, all was over. Nothing could move her purpose. Her simple reply to all objections offered, and obstacles pointed out, was, "The Lord has decided, and He is wiser than man. This thing *can be done*, and it *shall*." When she spoke thus, her friends learned to forbear alike persuasion or entreaty. This habit of looking *up* for light and truth through her higher sentiments, rather than *down* through the mists and shades of earth, became a settled habit and principle of her life. She was in this way enabled to correct some errors of judgment which are apt to arise from a partial or unfair view of things. Her atmosphere was purer, and her mental vision altogether strengthened.

Her candor was in keeping with her love of

truth. "Behold, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile," may seem strong language to apply to her, but the truth will bear it. If she thought that no good thing could come out of Nazareth, she would not hesitate to say it; and, when convinced to the contrary, she would with the same frankness acknowledge her mistake.

Her charity towards those who differed from her in opinion, increased in a striking manner with her years. I have conversed with her many times on this subject, and am satisfied that she gave diligence to possess herself of that virtue, which is the crown of Christian virtues, and without which, all other attainments are nothing worth. She rose far above the spirit of bigotry and intolerance, and stood on a high point of observation. Her view of religious truth was greatly enlarged. She saw clear above and beyond the partition walls of party or sect, and made the adoption of no peculiarity in her creed or mode of thought, a final test of any man's Christianity. She hailed light even from dark Nazareth, and honored goodness even in a despised Samaritan; and she gave the stamp of her disapprobation against vileness and dishonesty alike in Jew or Gentile. While she held to the last her own peculiar views, distinct

and fixed, she expressed herself as decidedly benefitted by intercourse with people of different views and opinions, who manifested the spirit and power of Christ. She freely accorded to others the same privileges which she claimed for herself, and received light with the same eagerness with which she imparted it. Her spirit was liberal and ennobling, and had much to do with the success of her measures in establishing the "Children's Friend Society," and with the confidence which she enjoyed in our community. May her mantle of charity rest largely on her successors and their associates in philanthropic effort.

Miss Ware possessed a large amount of good common sense, and loved the true and useful more than the showy and ornamental. All extravagance in language, dress or expense, was displeasing to her, though she was painfully conscious of her own tendency to commit improprieties in the first of these ways. Her strong emotions tended to call up corresponding expressions; and the effort she put forth to correct this, often made her expression appear somewhat stiff and measured. She heartily disliked all cant and frothy speech in the pulpit or out of it; at conference meetings or in private

conversation. She detected at a glance the ridiculous aspect of things, and generously apologized for weakness that could not be helped. People who betrayed their shallowness by sounding their own trumpet, did not always escape her sarcasm and irony. She had no fancy for a religion or philanthropy, whose only manifestation was *in words.* She looked for the kingdom of God not in words merely, but in power. She had no taste for mere sentimental talk, and could not be caught by wordy display. She prized words only as they were related to things and actions. The following language may seem to indicate an extreme tendency, but the symmetry of her character was not marred." "Would you think, said she once humorously to a friend, "that I ever enjoyed Hervey's Meditations? I did read in it once with enthusiastic interest, but I soon laid it aside, and could never read in it again, and I have taken many such short turns in my life."

Miss Ware's taste and disposition, strongly inclined her to the walks and enjoyments of private life. She acted in a public capacity only from a sense of duty. Wordly honor and renown had few attractions for her. One inci-

dent may, in some degree, illustrate this remark. Some year or two before her death, a gentleman, who had been confidentially made acquainted with the main circumstances and incidents in her life, took them, and, with various colorings and fillings in, wove a tale for general reading among children. This was published by the American Sunday School Union, and sold by their various agencies throughout the country. So that, to use Miss Ware's own phrase, she became, without her own consent or knowledge, a kind of common stock for the country, without even a share in her own copyright. Her first intimation of the fact was in a letter from a friend, rallying her on her good fortune in being able to read her own life. She sought the book and found it, even as described. The names introduced into the tale were somewhat changed or abridged. The characters and incidents were substantially correct, but they were just enough colored and dressed over to spoil their truthfulness. Miss Ware's mortification was extreme. She felt that this treatment was cruel. She could better endure, she said, to be mobbed, than be thus unceremoniously dragged before the public and converted into property. She could wipe off stains which

might come from the former, but could not reach those which came from the latter. She knew not how to efface the impression that she had been concerned in the publication of her own life. She forthwith sought out the man who had thus abused her confidence, and expressed her mind to him in no unequivocal terms. The letter which she addressed to him, was replete with withering sarcasm and irony. She gave him, she said, another chapter in her character, that he might insert it at his discretion in some forthcoming volume.

All her ideas of happiness centred in the quiet, religious home, where the heart expands with kindness, and the sentiments find free expression. It was here, too, in the home, where her virtues and graces shone with peculiar lustre. He, who did not know her here, did not know her worthily. She possessed a fund of practical wisdom of incalculable value. She joined example and precept hand in hand in her every-day instruction and duty. She understood how to reach distant and important results with comparative ease. All the hands in the family must be employed. "One might as well be dead," she was wont to say, "as be idle." Every thing was planned with reference

to a proposed end. Each member in the family must understand his duty, and perform it at the proper time. Her discipline was thorough and effective, and her system and method embraced the minutest particulars. The smallest fragment of time must be saved. Each one must be employed in knitting when relieved from other more pressing duties. The utmost economy and neatness must be observed. Every thread and scrap of cloth must be picked up and carefully laid aside. Just before her death, in a drowsy mood, she said to her nearest associate in labor, "Be careful to make the ends of your cloth meet, and use it all with economy." On being told that she was dreaming, "Yes," says she, "but it is all the same now that I am awake."

She seldom allowed herself to sit many minutes without work of some kind in her hands. While entertaining callers and friends, knitting was her most common employment, and, even while intensely interested in conversation, her needles would be flying, as if impelled by some unseen power. Knitting work came at length to be called her "*coat of arms*;" and in the daguerreotype portrait, a copy of which was taken only at the urgent request of

her friends, which is I believe to accompany the memoir of her, her *knitting work* has its appropriate place, and may serve as a fit emblem of the homely virtues which she honored and practised.

Miss Ware's crowning virtue, and noblest trait of character, was her disinterested, Christian benevolence. On this point, her whole life speaks. Doing good was her business, her life. Her sympathies were very uniformly in the right direction. She felt for the depressed and down-troddden, alike in North or South, in Christian or in heathen lands. The sick and the afflicted escaped not her kind regards. Her heart was alive and prompt to heed all the calls of humanity. Her head, too, was akin to her heart. Both of these members faithfully filled their responsible offices. The one prompted, and the other planned. The one throbbed with kind emotions, the other suggested expedients. And here, it may be observed that her clear, penetrating eye was of incalculable service to her. It often saved her from the tricks of wily impostors. She could see through thick coverings, and tell pretty nearly what was within. One of her scrutinizing looks would very generally distinguish the real from the feigned, and

the genuine from the spurious. Her judgment and discretion were to be relied upon, and her invention and contrivance were equal to any exigency.

She had, too, not only a heart to feel, and a head to contrive, but a hand to execute. She was in these respects well balanced. She moved mountains in her life, as if they had been mole-hills. She felt the *desire* to do, she knew *where* to put the lever, *what* force to apply, and *where* to apply the force. She was possessed of an iron will, — neither brittle nor pliant. Encounter it you might, but bend or break it by force, you could not. She would die first. And this was one of her mottoes, — "Conquer or die." She did both, and the last was her greatest victory.

As a reformer, she was radical, thorough and efficient. Heart, head and hands came freely to her service. She would aim first to preserve and promote by direct efforts all of good that is about us. She would do this through the conservative, Christian institutions of the day. The home, the school, the church, and various charitable institutions, she regarded as indispensable. But she did not stop here. Satan must not remain unencountered. He must be at-

tacked in his camp, and all good people should prepare for the onset. That which is evil must be displaced by that which is good. Vice must be rooted out in order that virtue may flourish. With her spirit and energy prevailing in our midst, a greater labor would be performed, than the "cleansing of Augean stables." The houses of corruption and drunkenness, which now infect our moral atmosphere, would be purified. Their inmates would either flee the city, unable to breathe our air, or they would be effectually reformed.

As a friend, she was generous, confiding, and to be confided in, and numerous are her survivors, who will bless her memory till their latest day. And her deeds of kindness to the sick, the needy and the wretched, can be known only at the final judgment.

Life was in her eyes intensely interesting. The future and the eternal seemed concentrated in the present. The following verses from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," express her prevailing feeling:

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'—
Was not spoken of the *soul*.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!"

It was my privilege to witness the closing scene of Miss Ware's life. There was nothing ecstatic in her manner, but a calm, heavenly spirit seemed to pervade the place. "Friends, do retire, and take rest; you need it," — was her language to some of her household, in the midst of her dying pains. "Tell them I am strong in death." With these words the spirit left the body, and the soul returned to God, who gave it.

Very respectfully yours,

AMOS PERRY.

To Rev. Dr. WAYLAND.

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Miss Ware expired June 26th, 1847, in the 48th year of her age.

The following communication, addressed to the friend associated with Miss Ware in the care

of the "Children's Home," was received after Dr. Wayland had resigned the manuscript to the committee appointed to attend to its publication.

Esteemed Friend. — I will give you briefly as I well can, my leading impressions of Miss Ware. I think I cannot be mistaken in them, for she was singularly above disguise; and being, as I was, for the last seven years of her life, almost her very next door neighbor, I had, both in her periods of health and of sickness, most free and frequent conversations with her, as leisure offered and occasion suggested, upon a wide variety of those interests of religion and philanthropy, in which her heart so much led its daily life. And thus I am sure I cannot be deceived in regard to those essentials of her character of which I shall now speak.

How clearly her active energy was one of them, the dullest who knew her, and will think of her a moment, will readily affirm. For it marked every hour of her life; not only when health, or endurable disease, permitted the ceaseless labor of both body and mind; but when also the mind alone could labor on, as it did to the last, amidst the disorder of the prostrate body. Who ever saw her idle or leisurely em-

ployed? All her nature was alive with the spirit of busy energy. Without it, or with less of it, she could not have been all she was, nor could have done all she did. And that she might be and do all she was and did, He who formed her being, laid through all its powers the basis of a rare, ever impulsive energy. And its action was all efficiency, as the action of true power always is. Others might bustle, imposingly, she was efficient without ado. This one rare basis gift from the Author of her being, guided by others he superadded, filled her life, closing at its mid-day, with results as rare as itself.

And He who gave her, through every power, this ever impulsive life, placed it, in the very make of her nature, under the control of two higher, most happy elements of character, a tender, faithful sympathy, and a quick, exact conscience. For when was she ever unmoved at the thought of evil borne, or of a defect in good enjoyed by a fellow-creature, and being moved at the thought of either, when was she ever unscrupulous of the means of relief attempted? Sympathy and conscience furnished a most auspicious lead for her rare efficiency. They guided it towards results as good as they might be uncommon.

But another guiding influence was added, which was still more powerful, and more nearly infallible. It was the religion of Christ, made vital in the heart by regeneration, which constitutes immeasurably the highest excellence known in human character, since sin first supplanted holiness from within the nature of man. Being early in life brought under the influence of this principle, it became thenceforward the ruling spirit of her character. Its great power over her, may, in part, be seen in her estimate of the Scriptures. In other books, so far as they were unindebted to the Bible, she saw at best only the low wisdom of sinful men. In the Bible, she heard only the voice of God. On other books she could sit in judgment; with a spirit, how free, and modestly absolute! Before the Bible, she sat, only to be judged; how unquestioning! and that whether its clear, divine voice approved, or condemned, the affections of her heart, the views of her understanding, the purposes of her will, or the doings of her life. For she was not one of those who preposterously think it to be less the prerogative of a book truly divine, to dictate views to the understanding, than purposes to the will, or actions to the life. Nor did her reason ever pine for a

liberty and range wider than that of all truth divine. Its most unsearchable teachings were to her as absolute verities, as its simplest.

As an example, through all my numerous and most free conversations with her, I do not remember the slightest suspicion ever to have passed upon my feelings, that her mind ever knew one momentary doubt in reference to the fundamental doctrines of the evangelical faith to which she adhered. My conceptions of her in this respect is nothing short of this, that her faith, nurtured in the Spirit and Word of God, so distinctly and positively recognised those great truths that she knew not even the temptation to doubt. For as the Lord Jesus said to his disciples, "He, — the Holy Spirit, — shall take of the things that are *mine* and shall show them unto you;" I most readily conceive of the Omnipresent Spirit as so taking of the things of Christ's uncreated glory, and showing them to her, in her devout meditations, as to render them an intuitive and immovable certainty to her mind. And as Jesus said also to his followers, respecting the Divine Spirit, "The world seeth him not, neither knoweth him, but *ye know* him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you;" therefore most nat-

urally do I conceive of the condescending Spirit as so dwelling with our lowly minded friend, as so being in her soul in his illumining and purifying work, that she could as soon question the power of Deity actuating nature without, as the power of absolute Deity actuating her soul within to truth and holiness. She stands, to my view, not only in these, but also in all the strong points of her religious faith, a marked exemplification of these most suggestive words of Christ and of his prophets, concerning his true disciples, "*They shall be all taught of God.*" She was, I must think, eminently "taught of God," according to the uncommon measure of her devout lowliness before Him, and of her simple-hearted, absolute faith in Him, and in his word.

Chide not, I beg you, the extent of this attempted insight into the inmost interior of her spiritual life; for there, in these inmost elements, was the vital centre and sum of its singular strength. If I may not speak fully of these, I must be silent. Set me not to appreciate a strong mechanism, yet at the same time forbid me insight into the inmost seat of its moving power. Analysis is knowledge; intimate analysis is thorough knowledge. The

thorough religious life I would now at least faintly sketch, had its central seat of a thorough religious power. It was our friend's devout sense of the being and glories of the living God. And this, I am sure, it is no adulation to say, raised her piety to that highest grade which it attains, godliness; the nearest approximation made on earth to the eternal form of the spiritual life in heaven. So far was her faith from being a mere cold, fruitless, theological dogma; it was, instead, the inmost vitality of the most heavenly love and joys, her soul reached here below.

And her religious love and joys could not have attained the degree they did, without her strong estimate of sin. Its strength, as she continually uttered and acted it, you have often impressively felt. Does it not sometimes still return, through memory, upon you, like a kind of second conscience, coming as a supernatural visitant from a sainted dweller in the world of spirits; and for the time, waking all your soul, as if to the very estimate of sin, which fills all minds in that world of the immortal and the glorious? How seldom have we met with one whose whole spirit was fraught with so keen, so thoroughly conscientious and scriptural a

sense of the essential evil of all sin. It stood to her view, as involving intrinsic evil, without limit; therefore demerit, without limit, and therefore if unrepented and unforgiven, drawing on an award of woe, without limit, in the only direction in which it can be, *that of duration.* To suppose all earnest emotions of a renewed heart, and all vivid conceptions of a spiritually enlightened mind, gathered into one most intense sentiment of reprobation, and feeling of vehement repugnance, would not exceed my conception of her disposition towards sin; especially as she saw it in her own fallen nature. And she saw sin in so strong a light, because she saw and felt it to be utter wrong, done to more than one or two *immediate divine* manifestations of infinite goodness and grace. To say the least, she saw it to be utmost wrong, not less to atoning, interceding mercy, and to renovating grace, than to providential goodness. In this light, it was spiritual evil redoubled and redoubled upon itself.

But a paradox though it be, this very sense of God, and of sin, made pardon a good, truly immeasurable, as is the evil of sin forgiven; and a good immediately divine also, since it is the purchase of a Divine Atonement. The

same high faith made the renovation of the soul from indwelling sin to indwelling holiness, a joy measureless also, and as truly, immediately divine. This also opened upon her a view of all providential dispensations, as guided by a hand divine, subserving so great a redemption, and yielding therefore a joy divine and fathomless. In this her divine faith, the great elements of her spiritual life were thus joy redoubled and redoubled upon joy; which eternity shall ceaselessly deepen and heighten, and ceaselessly attest to be all divine. Here, in these grand essentials of her religious character, is found the spirit of her ardent attachment to the whole evangelical church, and the spirit also of her most careful fidelity in the church, in which she was a member in covenant; for the care of its prosperity was upon her daily.

This strong view of her interior religious life, illustrates most clearly, the ready ardor, with which she greeted the first dawn of a revival of religion, and labored unsparingly through all its periods, to win souls to an experimental religion, so full of power and blessedness to her own soul, and illustrates her intense emotions, when any in the "Children's Home" seemed won to religion, experimental like her own. From her

strong spirituality flowed also her warm religious compassion towards all mankind; the bond and the free, heathen and Christian, Jew and Gentile; towards the vile outcast Magdalen and the children of the vicious, in their revolting degradation. Like Christ, she would relieve the body from temporal evil, that by the attractive kindness she might win the soul from eternal evil.

It was this strong form of Christianity in her inmost soul, which made her every-day conversation so characteristically, so beautifully religious. She could indulge in wit and pleasantry; she often did. But they were chastened by a religious spirit. It never forsook her. Most unaffectedly did it flow in her words, out of the abundance of the heart. How many times, yes, times without number, have I felt the charm of that smile of artless, quiet, almost heavenly pleasure, which so much, ever and anon, irradiated her conversation. It beamed the more, as sickness bore her towards heaven. I think I have never seen the human will so swallowed up blissfully in the Divine, as it was in her, as she saw her course on earth approaching its close. Said she to me, most impressively, as she laid upon her sick bed, "I could not lift my finger, to alter any thing God does."

Such a character, from its nature, could but conciliate the favor and coöperation of the devoutly good. But, what is far more, when God had formed such a character, he would honor it by his own powerful, providential coöperation. Having wrought mightily in her, he wrought most signally with her, and by her. Having made her desires greatly, purely, sacredly, benevolent, he made her work on earth greatly beneficent. Having made her soul, in an uncommon degree, a monument of his efficacious grace, he guided and blessed her hand, to design, and execute, and leave behind, an uncommon monument of the power of a Christian female for distinguished usefulness. Her invisible life of holiness, and her visible life of usefulness were but counterparts of the complete whole of her history; all wrought of God, to his own praise.

You will not say I attribute perfection to our friend. She had her imperfections. But what were they to her virtues? Like the shadows of thinly scattered clouds upon a scenery of broad, deep, pure light. Such was her character, to us mortals, who, unlike the Omniscient, look at the outward appearance; and the shadows grew less and less, until, did not all

seem like holy light, as mortal eyes surrendered up the object of their gaze to those of the angelic convoy?

I shall never forget the sweet evening hour, that completed her history here below; for her chamber looked full upon our own, but just across the way; and we but too well knew that the moment, by others deprecated, and to her most welcome, had arrived. The evening scene befitted her transition from an earthly to a heavenly abode. The air was all hushed to listening stillness. From a cloudless sky, the moon, midway its ascent in the east, poured its full, soft radiance on all around. The azure above and verdure below, waited motionless, decked in serene, solemn beauty. She, our dying friend, asked to look out once more on nature; for she loved God in his works, while she adored Him unutterably in his word of grace and salvation. And then she left us all, whom she loved, and who loved her, that message, far as I know, so entirely unique in the annals of Christian obituary, yet so expressive of the very spirit of her nature, of her inmost religious life, and of her history, "*Tell them all I am strong in death.*"

In sacred sympathy, your friend,

JONATHAN LEAVITT.

## CONCLUSION.

I HAVE but little to add to the foregoing delineations of the character of Miss Ware. A few suggestions, however, have occurred to me as worthy of notice, in order to render the conception of her manner of life more distinct and individual.

In religious belief, Miss Ware was an Orthodox Congregationalist, adhering, with her characteristic firmness, to the sentiments of the eminent divines of that denomination. It is my impression, that her views coincided with those of Jonathan Edwards more nearly than with those of any other uninspired teacher. She had, it is true, been a disciple of Dr. Emmons, whom she loved and revered with almost a filial affection; but the structure of her mind, and the circumstances in which she was placed, led her, as I apprehend, to less abstract views of truth than those adopted by that distinguished theologian. The doctrines ever present to her thoughts were those of the entire alienation of the human heart from God, the utter impossibility of justification by the works of the law, the divinity of Christ, the free offer of eternal

life through his merits and intercession; the necessity of the agency of the Spirit to the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers; the simple veracity of all the promises of God, and the necessity of self-denying good works as an evidence of piety. In earlier life, she dwelt much on the sovereignty of God, but, in later years, as she has remarked, the doctrine of "Christ crucified" had more entirely occupied her attention. What, however, was particularly remarkable in her character, was not the *belief* of these doctrines, but the *manner* in which she believed them. Every one of them was not merely an article of belief, but the reason for a particular line of conduct. Hence they became the mould in which her character was cast; the principles which determined her action in the ordinary as well as the extraordinary circumstances of life. The superintending providence of God was to her a ground for unfailing trust. The goodness of God was a perpetual incitement to gratitude; the holiness of God repelled her from sin; the love of Christ constrained her; and thus, she rapidly grew to the stature of consistent and well developed Christianity.

While, however, her attainments in the Chris-

tian life were thus uncommon, it is scarcely possible to conceive of a person penetrated with more sincere humility. She evidently loathed to hear herself spoken of with any particular commendation. Her views of the Christian character were so elevated, and her conceptions of the holiness of God so intense, that, comparing herself by these standards, she habitually adopted the language of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The idea that she could by any good work bring God under any obligation, or do any thing that could be of the nature of a justification, was specially odious to her. She knew that if she had done all, she would be but an unprofitable servant; and knowing that all her services were imperfect and mingled with sin, she sought for justification wholly through the merits of Christ, and from him alone looked for righteousness, sanctification and redemption.

While, however, she held her own belief with rare firmness and distinctness, she was in a remarkable degree free from censoriousness. That perfect freedom which she claimed for herself, she was prompt to concede to others. Uniting with all who were willing to unite with her in any good work, when there was no sur-

render of principle, she forbore to judge those who differed from her. Knowing that to his own master every one of us standeth or falleth, she was not prone to prejudge the decision of Omniscience; and while she held that every portion of revealed truth was of inestimable importance, she pretended not to determine, in any particular case, how great a degree of error is of necessity exclusive of the hope of salvation.

In order to the more perfect appreciation of the character of Miss Ware, it may not be inappropriate to refer to the defects to which she was naturally liable. These seemed to me, not to belong to her principles of action, but rather to the practical results to which she was led. Like many persons of strong original views, she was perhaps not sufficiently aware of the limits within which general principles must frequently be restricted. Thus, her desire to befriend orphans, was, I think, liable to lead her into a course by which vicious parents might be relieved of their natural responsibility. Her desire to rescue from destruction every child that was brought to her, would sometimes induce her to receive into the family those whom other persons would have preferred to send to the almshouse, from a fear of the moral contamination

which they might communicate to others. Her benevolence led her rather to look at the individual good that might be accomplished, than at the general principles by which all good effort is to be regulated.

Whatever were the errors, however, to which she might be liable, the practical injury was less under her supervision than under that of any person whom I remember to have known. She was so eminently self-sacrificing, and so sleeplessly vigilant, that her practice corrected in a remarkable degree the evils of her theory; and hence, the success of her efforts was such as has rarely in any similar case been realized. If, in this manner, she erred in judgment, her errors were those of an unusually independent, self-sacrificing and earnest benevolence. The proportion of persons of this character is, unfortunately, too small to render their errors of great practical evil to the cause of Christian charity.

The personal appearance of Miss Ware was, in no respect, remarkable. Her features were plain, and except her eye, which was intense and intelligent, she would not have been distinguished from any woman in the ordinary walks of life. Her dress was not only simple but cheap. She had far too high a conception of

the value of money, to spend it upon any thing merely ornamental. She needed all she could command in order to gratify her impassioned benevolence, and hence she restricted her expenses within the narrowest possible limit, that she might reserve the more to bestow upon the needy. Her manners were natural and unaffected. As she never appeared any where without a definite reason, the object so totally occupied her mind that she never thought of herself, and her strong sense at once pointed out the position which good breeding would require her to assume. Always self-possessed, always frank and fearless, she spoke on all occasions the language of simple verity; but she never spoke with acrimony, and never violated the usages which protect from invasion the minor rights of our fellow-men.

The lesson which may be learned from this brief narrative, is, I think, easily learned; I wish that I could add, it is easily put in practice. I think it teaches, that a great power for good is placed in the hands of all of us, if we had but the energy and self-sacrifice to use it. Here was a young woman of ordinary New England education, endowed with no power of fascination, destitute of friends, and almost un-

known in this city, who visited it on an errand of mercy. She entered at once upon the most self-denying undertaking within her knowledge. She thought of nothing but her object; and God, who knew her heart, furnished her with aid as she needed it. As obstacles presented themselves, she surmounted them; and when her plans, in the course of divine Providence, seemed all to be frustrated, it turned out, in the end, that disappointment was nothing but the means of leading her to the very field of usefulness which, above all others, she had specially longed for. As means were needed, they were from time to time supplied; and she was not removed by death until her most cherished wishes were gratified, and an institution was permanently founded for the benefit of those orphans to whom she had consecrated her life. Did Christian men and women adopt and act upon her principles, how soon would vice and misery be banished from the earth. Such, it seems to me, is the lesson to be learned from her life; and every page of her brief history is written over and over with the command, "Go thou and do likewise."

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